

No. 2264—Vol. 87

THE PENNY

OCTOBER 15, 1904

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

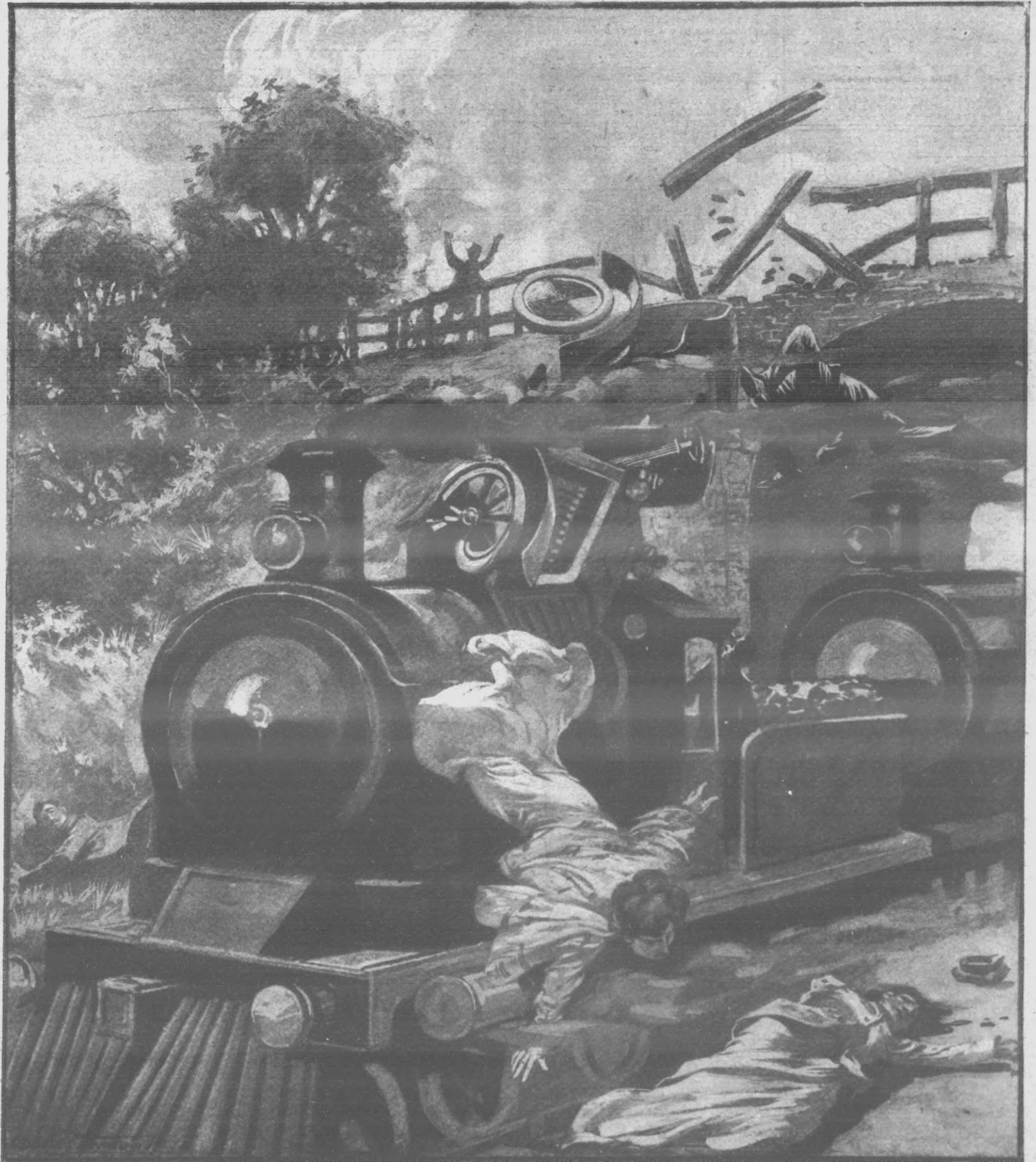
AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, 198, Strand, aforesaid.

SPECIAL FOOTBALL AND RACING PHOTOGRAPHS. THRILLING BATTLE SCENE.

(See Inside.)



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN NEW YORK: A MOTOR-CAR DASHES OVER AN EMBANKMENT ON TO A TRAIN.

(See "The Week's News.")

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

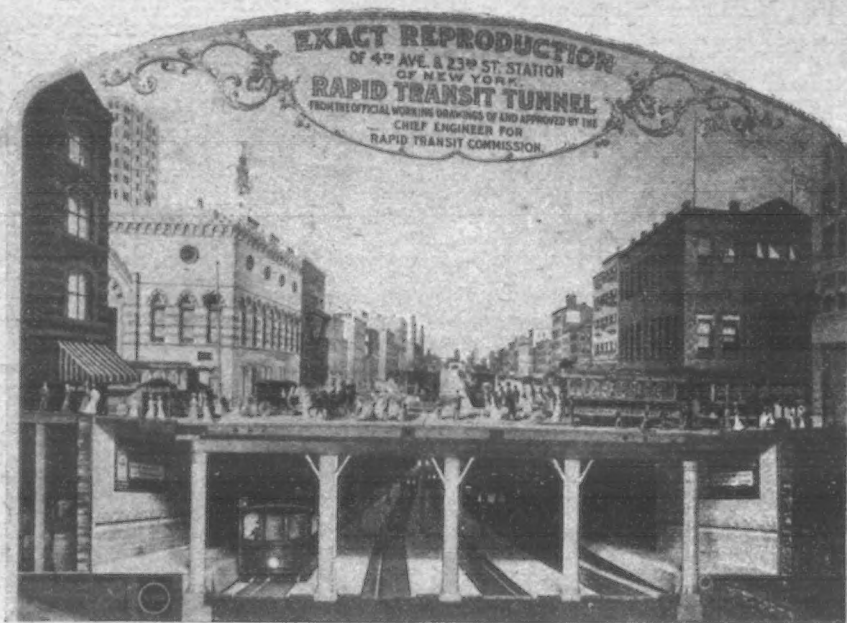
RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Kuropatkin's New Plan.

THE war has entered a new phase. General Kuropatkin, for reasons explained in a lengthy order to his troops, has assumed the offensive, and telegrams from both Russian and Japanese sources indicate that a general advance on Liao-yang has begun. The Japanese have fallen back on Liao-yang, where they evidently expect battle, and the positions of Yentai and Bianoputze have been retaken by the Russians without serious fighting. Siege-guns are now on the road from Mukden to aid in the assault on Liao-yang.

General Kuropatkin has issued a general order of the day, dated Mukden, Oct. 2. He says—

"More than seven months ago the enemy treacherously fell upon us at Port Arthur before war had been declared. Since then, by land and sea, the Russian troops have performed many heroic deeds of which the Fatherland may be justly proud. The enemy, however, is not only



THE SHALLOW TRAM SYSTEM: HOW NEW YORK IS SOLVING THE TRAFFIC DIFFICULTY.

vanquish the foe will be as inflexibly fulfilled. Hitherto the enemy has chosen as he deemed fit his time for attack. But now the moment for which the whole army has been longing has

gained over our strong and gallant foe. Bear in mind the importance of victory to Russia, and, above all, remember how necessary victory is the more speedily to relieve our brothers at Port Arthur, who for seven months have heroically maintained the defence of the fortress entrusted to their care. Our army performed great deeds of heroism for the Fatherland in all our wars, and gained for itself well-merited renown among all nations. Think every hour of the defence of Russia's dignity and rights in the Far East, which has been entrusted to you by the Emperor. Think every hour that to you the defence of the honour and fame of the whole Russian army has been confided. The illustrious head of the Russian land, together with the whole country, prays for you and blesses you for your heroic deeds. Strengthened by this prayer, and imbued with the consciousness of the importance of the task that has fallen to us, we must go forward fearlessly with a firm determination to do our duty to the end without sparing our lives. The will of God be with us all!"

Joy in St. Petersburg.

For the first time since war was declared there is something like jubilation in St. Petersburg (says an *Express* message from St. Petersburg). Kuropatkin has spoken, and the Russian



JAPANESE FOOD AND AMMUNITION ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.

not overthrown, but in his arrogance continues to dream of complete victory. The troops of the Manchurian army, in unvarying good spirits, have hitherto not been numerically strong enough to defeat the Japanese army. Much time is necessary for overcoming all difficulties and strengthening the active army. It is for this reason that I did not consider the time to have arrived to begin a forward movement, and I therefore gave the order to retreat.

A Necessary Retreat.

"After successfully defending all advanced and main positions, you withdrew to Mukden under the most difficult conditions. Attacked by General Kuroki's army, you marched through almost impassable mud, fighting throughout the day and extricating the guns and carts with your hands at night, and returned to Mukden without abandoning a single gun, prisoner, or wounded man, and with the baggage-train entirely intact. I ordered the retreat with a sorrowful heart, but with unshaken confidence that it was necessary in order to gain a complete and decisive victory over the enemy when the time came. The Emperor has assigned for the conflict with Japan forces sufficient to assure us victory. If the regiments which have already been sent out prove to be insufficient, fresh troops will arrive, for the inflexible wish of the Emperor that we should



MOTIEN PASS, SHORTLY AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE JAPANESE.

come. The time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian army are strong enough to begin the forward movement. Nevertheless, you must unceasingly be mindful of the victory to be

army is advancing. The people have hopefully put behind them the nightmare of the past seven months, with its constant retreats and reverses. At last the Manchurian army is on the move, with the enemy in front instead of behind it.

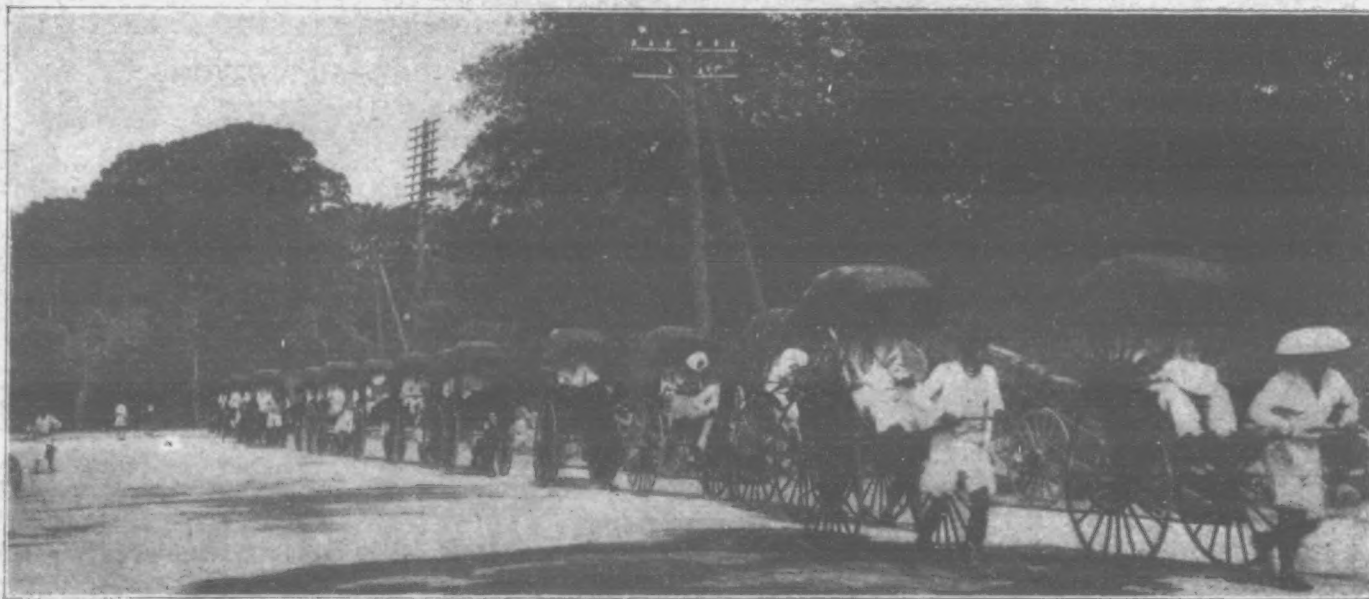


Photo. J. Hunt & Co., Tokio.

WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIERS BEING CONVEYED IN RICKSHAWS TO THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN TOKIO.

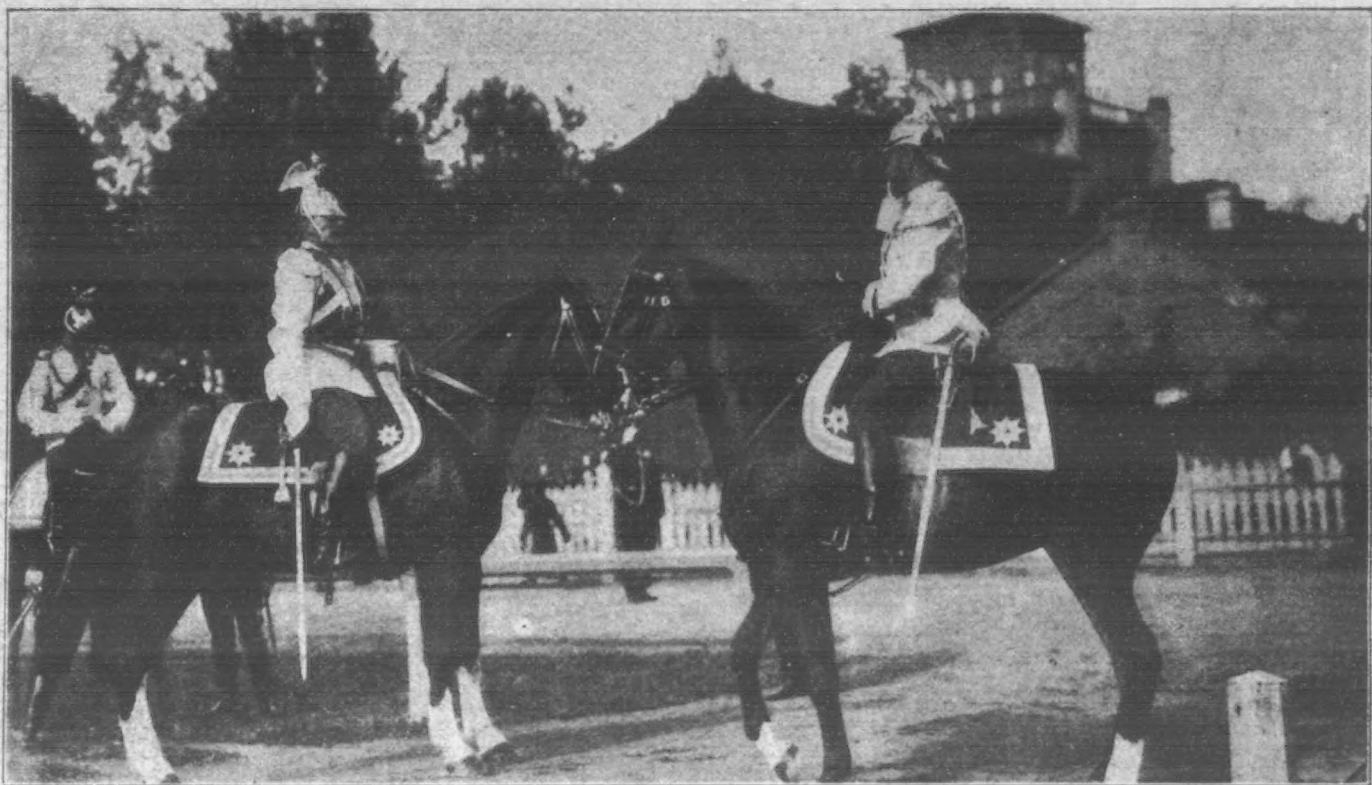
A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Already the humiliation of Liao-yang has been forgotten. General Kuropatkin sent a private telegram to a friend here, in which he is said to have used the significant sentence, "I have begun to make war." This sums up the general feeling. The war actually began, from the Russian standpoint—on Oct. 2. Reinforcements have been pouring in to Manchuria daily since the retirement from Liao-yang. It was not until Sept. 30, however, that General Kuropatkin telegraphed to the General Staff that he was ready to assume the offensive. From now on the campaign is expected to move with exceeding swiftness. The troops



LADY CURZON (THEN MARY LEITER)
AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

are abundantly prepared for a winter campaign, and there will be no delays on account of the weather. The shipment of reinforcements has not ceased. At present the 8th Army Corps, from the Odessa district, is mobilised. The Kishineff and Bender infantry brigades, as well as a portion of the Tiraspol regiments, have started for the front, and the remainder will follow in a few days. The 8th Army Corps is commanded by General Myroff, who has seen service in Manchuria.



Photo, Ullta, St. Petersburg.

THE TSAR BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE COMMANDER OF THE PAVLOFF REGIMENT
JUST BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

The 4th and 7th Army Corps are to be mobilised this month.

Japs Capture a Junk.

A dispatch, dated Oct. 6 (Tokio), says: The Japanese fleet blockading Port Arthur has captured a junk laden with provisions which was endeavouring to enter the harbour. The statements of the crew and evidence found on board indicate the existence of a fleet of eighty junks organised to run the blockade from the vicinity of Tsingtau. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the blockade, many junks reach the Russian lines. There are a number of landing-places in the lower Peninsula, and the junks enter at night, the Russian guns and mine-fields giving them an advantage over the blockading vessels. It is suspected that ammunition is also being

smuggled in, but hitherto none has been found in the hundreds of junks overhauled and searched. At half-past two this morning it became apparent that a heavy naval action was proceeding at sea off Chifu Harbour. The booming of big guns is audible, and watchers have observed the flashes of searchlights. It is thought likely that the Port Arthur fleet has made a sortie, and in trying to reach Chifu has encountered a Japanese squadron.

The sounds of heavy firing at sea (says a later message) which were accompanied by flashes like the bursting of shells, ceased at four this morning.

The Port Arthur Siege.

The *Mattino* (Rome) publishes a telegram from Port Arthur in which it is declared that there

are still ample stores in the town to enable the garrison to hold out for twelve months. It is only as the result of a great assault that the fortress can fall. There are now 23,000 soldiers in the place and 16,000 sailors.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says that the view taken in Russian naval circles is that the frequent sorties of the Port Arthur garrison prove that the hostile forces are at close quarters, and that the last stage of the siege has been reached, which will be decided by an artillery duel at short range, that may at any moment be begun.

A Tokio telegram to the *Standard* gives the report that the Japanese have occupied a high position which will enable them to bombard the ships inside Port Arthur more effectively than before.



"MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!" A THRILLING SCENE AT FOLKESTONE LAST WEEK DURING THE STORM.

(See "The Week's News.")

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE King's Return.—The King left Balmoral on Monday morning, and journeyed by a special train to Euston. His Majesty is staying at Newmarket this week for the races.

The Queen's Homecoming.—Queen Alexandra will, according to present arrangements, conclude her visit to Denmark in the early part of next week. Her Majesty will make a brief stay in London, and then proceed to Sandringham.

Army and Navy Items.—Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. J. T. St. Aubyn, 3rd Grenadier Guards, is to succeed Colonel Horace Ricardo in the command of the Grenadier Guards Regiment and Regimental District. Colonel Ricardo's appointment expires on Nov. 8.—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Grenfell has been appointed second in command of the 3rd Dragoon Guards.—An appeal is being made to the infantry of the line to supply the deficiency in the matter of officers in the Foot Guards, a letter having been addressed to commanders asking for the names of officers who are willing to transfer. It is expected that most of the line battalions will put forward one man for transfer, and the Guards establishment will thus be made up.—Mr. Arnold-Forster is determined to find more work for ex-soldiers. Some may be placed in the Army Ordnance Corps for storekeeping duties, and room will



P.-C. CRAWFORD, OF THE HULL FORCE.

WHO HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL FOR SAVING A NORWEGIAN FISHERMAN FROM DROWNING.

be found at Woolwich Arsenal for others.—Commanding officers have been asked to send in the names of ex-soldiers who are willing to return to the colours for home defence on mobilisation for war.—The transport *Sicilia* left Southampton on Tuesday with drafts for India. She will take on board at Alexandria the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, and is due to arrive at Bombay on Nov. 3. The *Sicilia* will leave Bombay on Nov. 11, conveying the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade from India to Aden, and will bring home from the latter station the 1st Battalion East Kent Regiment.—An interesting experiment has just been made on Salisbury Plain, junior non-commissioned officers being put through an educational and military training at the same time. The results have been very satisfactory, and the plan is likely to be generally adopted by the War Office.—Rear-Admiral H. T. Grenfell has been appointed to succeed Rear-Admiral R. N. Custance in the Mediter-

anean Fleet, and Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Poore succeeds Rear-Admiral W. Des Vieux Hamilton in the same fleet. Rear-Admiral Grenfell was born in 1845, and has been in the Navy since 1868. He is second in command on the China Station, and served in the Egyptian War of 1882. Sir Richard Poore, Bart., naval aide-de-camp to the King, is in his fifty-first year. He served in the Perak Expedition of 1875, in the Egyptian War of 1882, and in the Nile Expedition of 1884.—Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, C.V.O., C.B., has been appointed Rear-Admiral for the cruiser division of the Mediterranean Fleet, in succession to Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin W. Walker, C.V.O., C.M.G., the appointment to date Nov. 10.—The first-class battle-ship *Dominion*, which has been built by Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim, left Barrow for the Clyde last Sunday on her maiden voyage.

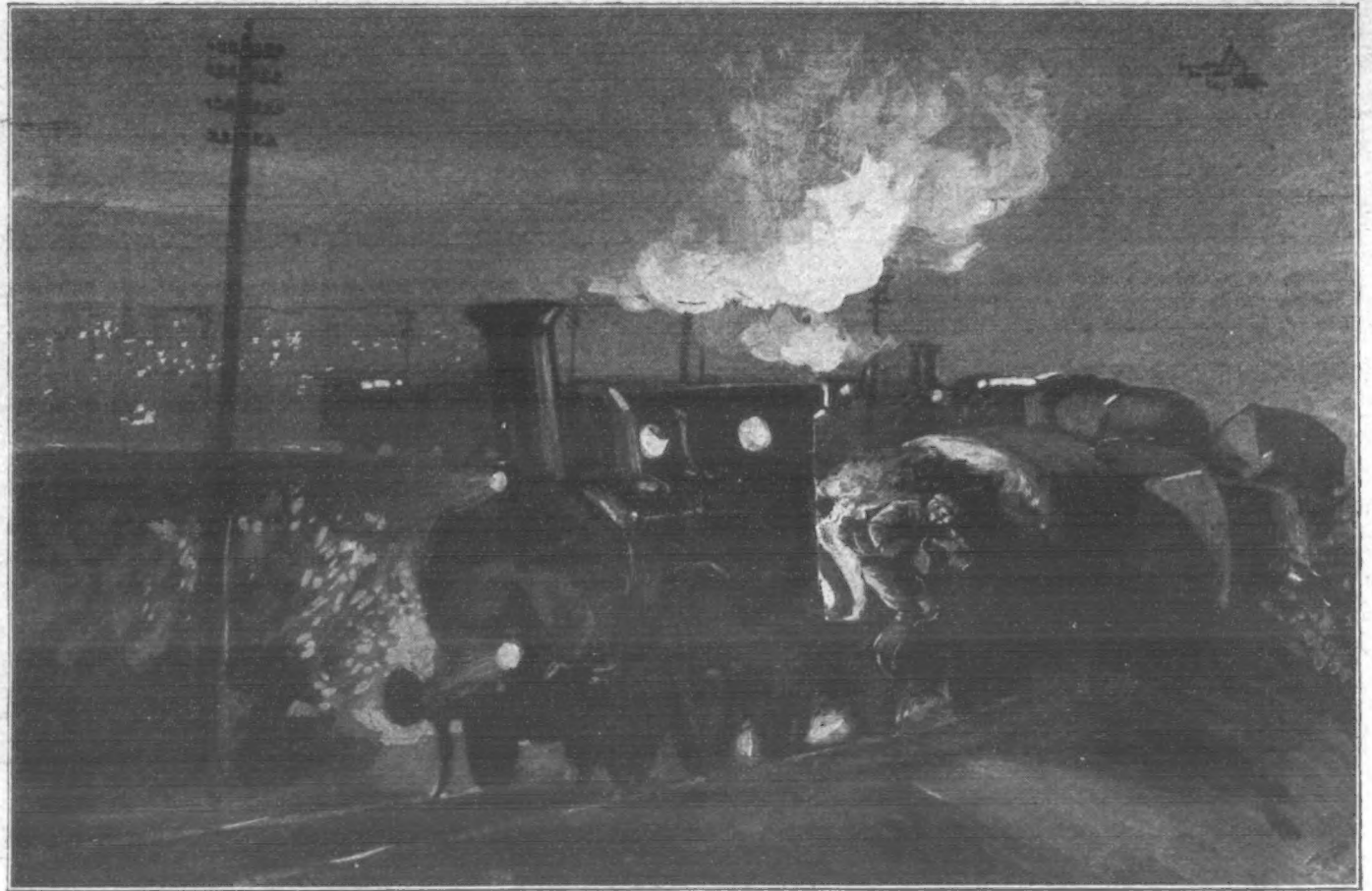
The March from Lassa.—A telegram has been received at the India Office stating that the first Lassa column arrived at Gyantse on Oct. 5, and that the second column would arrive on the 7th. It is thought that some time must elapse before the terms of the Tibet Treaty can be officially made known. The failure of the Amban to sign the Treaty on behalf of China was due to the impossibility of dealing with the Peking authorities by telegraph. They insist upon diplomatic transactions being submitted in original manuscript. The Amban, it is understood, is on his way to Peking with the Treaty.

Naval Officer's Sad Fate.—Lord Charles Beresford has issued the following details respecting the death of Commander Francis W. Melvill, of H.M.S. *Illustration*: "Commander Melvill was proceeding to the ship in a

steam-pinnace, when, owing to a heavy sea making steering a matter of great difficulty, he sent the coxswain forward and took the wheel himself. The place where the Commander stood must have been very wet and slippery, and in a sudden lurch of the boat, as a heavy sea struck her, his feet slipped, and he fell overboard. The night was very dark, with a strong wind and heavy sea, and, although every effort was made to save him, the Commander was drowned. Commander Hodges gallantly went overboard after him, dressed in heavy clothes, but failed to reach him, being himself exhausted."

Thanet Bye-Election Result.—The bye-election for the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent resulted in Mr. H. H. Marks, the Conservative candidate, being returned by a majority of 382 votes. The Liberal candidate, Mr. J. King, polled 366, to the 4048 of his successful opponent. In 1892, when the last contested election took place in the division, the figures were: Mr. Lowther (C.), 3901; Dr. Hart (L.), 2857. Majority for Mr. Lowther, 1044. The declaration of the poll from the balcony of the Ramsgate Town Hall was attended by some lively incidents, eggs and vegetables being freely used as missiles by rival partisans.

Serious Colliery Accident.—During the height of the gale on Oct. 6 a serious accident occurred at Hordon Colliery, near Easington, Durham. About seventy yards of an 80 ft. wall, belonging to a building in course of construction at the pit-head, collapsed under the force of the wind, and, falling inwards, killed a banksman named Richard Ferguson. Two other men were also buried in the debris and injured, while three men down the shaft had a narrow escape from falling masonry, which smashed the



ANOTHER RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SOUTH WALES: THE DRIVER JUMPING OFF HIS ENGINE.

pumping gear. The men were compelled to climb about eighty yards up the side of the shaft in order to escape being drowned. The winding apparatus was completely wrecked.

Signal-Lights Blown Out.—Another railway accident occurred in South Wales on Oct. 6, and one death resulted. A goods train moved out of a siding near Pontypridd on to the Barry main line, when, at a point where there is a sharp curve, it was run into from behind by a train of empty wagons. William Henshaw, the driver of the first train, jumped off his engine, and was crushed to death by one of the seven trucks which were turned over by the impact. The fireman stuck to his post and escaped. It is reported that the lights of the signals were blown out by the wind.

Clapton's "House of Mystery."—Clapton is becoming quite famous as the home of phenomena. It has had its "Messiah," and it has now its house of mystery. The latter is a substantial-looking house in Beechholme Road, which the painters and decorators are preparing for



CLAPTON'S "HOUSE OF MYSTERY."

IN WHICH A STRANGE COLLECTION OF CURIOS HAS BEEN FOUND.

a new lady tenant. The last tenant came in twelve months ago. She brought several children with her; but explained the absence of her husband by saying he was "broad." Latterly she fell into arrears with the rent, and last week left without notice, taking her furniture with her. When the owner tried to enter the house he found he could move the key, but not the door, which apparently was bolted from the inside. An employé, however, forced an entrance in at the back, and on proceeding through the house made what seemed to him an alarming discovery. In a room that was furnished more for a Brahmin than an Englishman was an elderly man lying upon the bed in a comatose condition. Around him were leopard and python skins, an armoury of swords, dozens of magnificent curio pipes, and many other valuable and rare objects, including a nugget of silver. The police were sent for, and the man, who had been aroused in the meantime, said he had been deserted, and lain without food for three days. He asserted the rent had been paid, but, on the landlord's denial, said he had given

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



SERIOUS COLLIERY ACCIDENT NEAR EASINGTON, DURHAM: WALL COLLAPSES AT THE PIT HEAD.

LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS: THE ARRIVAL OF MRS. LEITER.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



THE TRIAL OF THE PALMISTS: MR. YELVERTON (DEFENDANTS' COUNSEL) ENTERING THE COURT.

the money to his wife, and she ought to have paid it. Upon being told to get out of the house he declared that he had malarial fever, but a doctor who was called in pronounced this statement, and the man was induced to gird up his loins and walk. His things were put into cases and stored at the premises of the agent, but when the man came to be looked for again he had disappeared.

Trial of West-End Palmists.—At Clerkenwell Sessions last week, Charles and Martha Stephenson, otherwise "Professor" and Madame "Keiro," and Charles Fricker, otherwise known as "Yoga," were charged with attempted fraud, and with pretending to tell fortunes, under the Witchcraft Act of 1736. Mr. Gill appeared for the prosecution and Mr. Yelverton for the defence. After

the Judge, in giving his decision, told the defendants that, taking their past good character into consideration, and the fact that the prosecution did not wish imprisonment to be inflicted, he would merely bind them over in sureties to come up for judgment if called upon. Personal sureties of £50 each and one other of £50 or two of £25 were fixed, and the defendants were released.

Lives Lost at Folkestone.—The Folkestone life-boat had an alarming experience during the gale last week. The lugger *Good Intent* lost her mast in attempting to round the pier-head, and drifted eastwards on to the Copt rocks, where she signalled by flares for assistance. The life-boat was launched, but was cast back by the angry sea broadside on to the beach. Half an hour elapsed before she was hauled

on either side, the man fired his gun at the keeper, who, blinded with shot, fell to the ground. With great difficulty Cornish staggered to his feet, only to see the backs of his assailant and the boy disappear from view. Despite loss of blood and faintness, the wounded keeper managed to reach his master's residence. After briefly relating what had happened he collapsed, and at first his condition was regarded as critical. Happily, however, after a period of unconsciousness, he came to, and is now on the high road to recovery. He received no less than a dozen pellets full in the face, his left eye being shattered by one of them. The police lost no time in

and her five occupants drowned. Furneaux's dream had thus been realised.

Shocking Motor Smash.—One of the most extraordinary and disastrous motor-car accidents on record occurred in New York on Oct. 7. A party, several of whom were women, were returning home "up-town" in a large motor-car about one o'clock. The car was travelling at about fifteen miles an hour along the road which runs parallel with the New York Central Railway cutting, when it suddenly swerved and dashed into the embankment. The force of the impact was so great that the railing gave



THE TRIAL OF THE PALMISTS: MRS. ORMISTON CHANT ENTERING THE COURT.

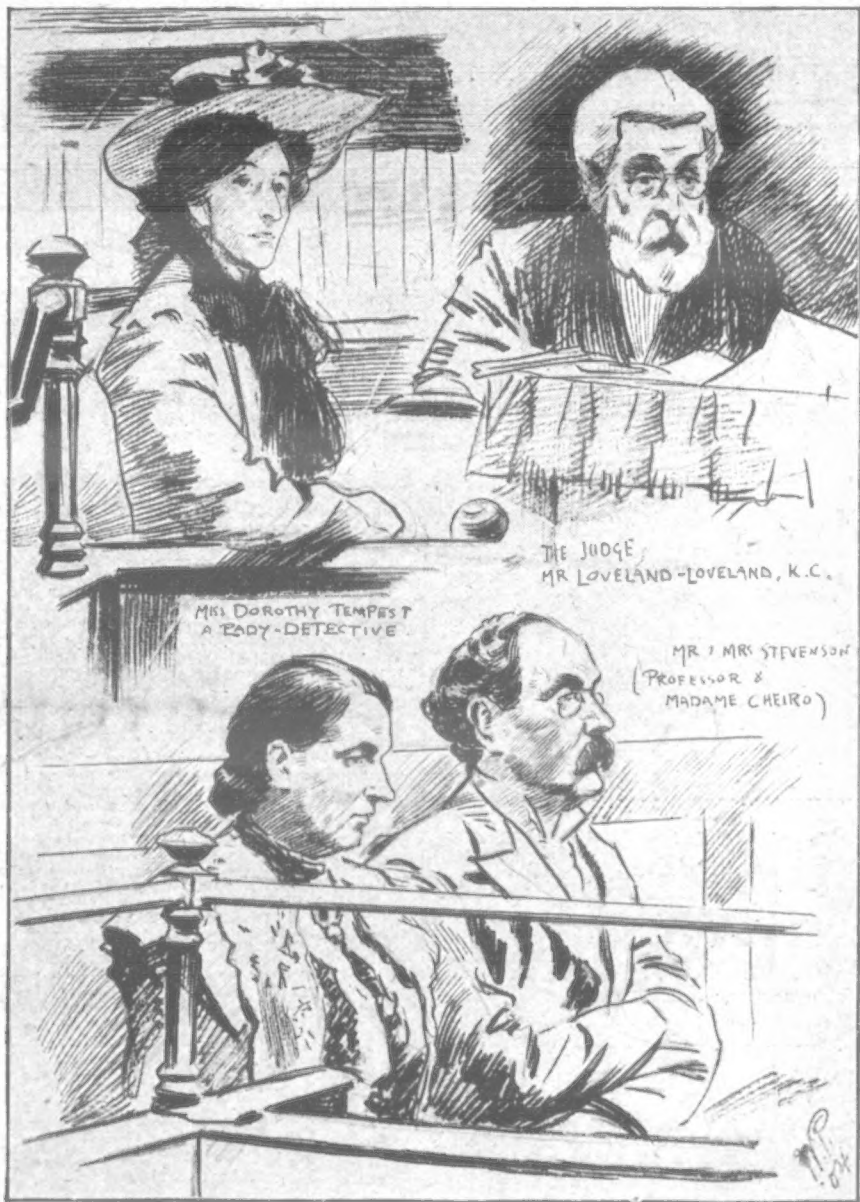
searching the wood, but with no better result than the discovery of some cartridges and several dead pheasants near the spot where Cornish was shot down. It is believed that the man and the boy came from the Pontypool colliery district.

The Llanelly Railway Disaster.—The number of deaths caused by the accident to the Welsh express on the 3rd inst. has been increased to five, Isaac Bryant and John Thomas having succumbed to their injuries. Bryant was forty-one years of age, and Thomas twenty-one. Favourable progress is being made by all the other injured persons.

Fisherman's Tragic Dream Fulfilled.—The widow of Walter Furneaux, a Brixham fisherman, who, with four others, perished through the smack *Lyra* being sunk by the *ss. Heathbank* off the South Devon coast, tells a remarkable story of her dead husband's prevision of death. On the Sunday night previous to the disaster, Furneaux awoke the sleeping household by uttering a shriek of terror. To his wife he explained that he had just had a horrible dream. "I saw our boat out at sea," he said, "and a steamer came down on us and cut us in two. We were all drowning when I awoke." Furneaux was so upset by his dream that his wife tried to persuade him not to go out in the smack on the following afternoon. As there was nobody to take his place, however, he went on board the *Lyra*. A few hours later the boat was run down,

way, and the car jumped a distance of thirty feet right on to the pilot engine of a train which was passing at the moment. The car was shattered to pieces, portions of it being flung two hundred feet away. Its occupants were thrown out in all directions. Two of the women were killed outright, as well as the chauffeur, while four others were picked up suffering from terrible injuries.

The Tottenham Tragedy.—At Kingston-on-Thames, last week, Albert James Holmes, a paralytic cripple, gave himself up to the police, confessing to having murdered his four-months-old nephew at Bromley Road, Tottenham, on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 2. To Detective-Inspector Martin Holmes made the following statement: "My mother, my brother, and my brother-in-law have been trying to get rid of me because I have been out of work and a cripple. I had a row with my brother on Saturday morning, and it came to a climax. So on Sunday morning I got a brass poker and struck the child on the head." The prisoner was charged with the crime at Tottenham police-court, and remanded. At the inquest held on the child, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Albert Holmes. The deceased's mother said that the accused had been paralysed in one side since boyhood. The father of the child said that he had had a quarrel with the accused, who had been out of work for some time, and had told him that he must try and help himself or clear out. Holmes was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.



THE TRIAL OF THE PALMISTS: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES IN COURT

a hearing which lasted four days the jury found that the "Keiros" were guilty of attempting to obtain money by false pretences from Mrs. Annie Betts and ex-inspector Richards, but not guilty on the same charge in respect to Dorothy Tempest. They also found them guilty of undertaking to tell fortunes. "Yoga" pleaded guilty to three counts in the indictment, but stated that he had no intention of infringing the law nor any intention to deceive. He was in ignorance of the Larceny Act and the Witchcraft Act until he was arrested. Mr. Loveland-Loveland, K.C.,

off by means of ropes from the promenade pier. Then she went down to the lugger and saved her crew of three men, the vessel soon after becoming a total wreck. The life-boat had two hands swept overboard, but they were rescued. While hundreds of people were watching the rescue work from the quay, another vessel—a Newhaven fishing-smack—went down on the rocks not far from the harbour. There were three men on board—Jesse Goldsmith, S. Barnett, and Charles Brown (master), all of whom were drowned. The boat sank within a few yards of the *Good Intent*.

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY" no better remedy in the whole world for all coughs and throat troubles than KNOTTING'S LOZENGES—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; simple but sure in action; the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere in 13jd. Tins.—[Advt.]

Poacher Shoots a Gamekeeper.—While going his usual evening round in Wern Wood, Monmouthshire, a gamekeeper, named Charles Cornish, heard shots. He started in the direction of the noise, when suddenly a man and a boy appeared from behind some bushes about fifteen yards away. Instantly, and without a word being spoken



GUNNERY-INSTRUCTOR COPELAND AND HIS WIFE, WITH THEIR BABY WHICH WAS FOUND MURDERED IN BED LAST WEEK AT TOTTENHAM.

SKETCHES OF "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT." AT THE IMPERIAL.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



Photo. Howard Barrett.

DERBY COUNTY v. BURY AT DERBY: BURY DEFENCE PRESSED.



Photo. Howard Barrett.

DERBY v. BURY: MIDDLETON (DERBY'S LEFT WING) GETS THE BALL.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

BY far the most important topic in football circles during the past week has been the drastic punishment meted out by the Football Association to the Manchester City, Sunderland, and Glossop clubs, who were adjudged guilty of infringements of the laws relating to professionalism. Various opinions have been aired pro and con; naturally the supporters of those clubs who have erred in company with the trio that are punished are indignant at the measures taken by the governing body, even though their own particular club has not been found out. Unfortunately evasion of amateur and professional laws is all too general; it is not only the big League clubs that risk fines and suspension, but pseudo-amateurs abound all over the country. And, to my mind, a professional who tries to get a bit over and above the limit wage fixed by the Football Association is less of an evil-doer than the sham amateur.

But two wrongs never did make a right, and I cannot understand the attitude of those writers who have howled their hardest at the Association for severely punishing clubs for overriding laws which they have, by their very membership, acceded to. They may have grumbled many times, like I do at the Income-Tax—the most iniquitous law ever devised—but I've got to pay that tax, no matter how it goes against the grain.

And if directors like to go out of their way to place a noose round their necks on the off-chance of its not being drawn tight, then they must suffer for the risk if so be that ill-luck runs their way. The odds are, of course, against their misdeeds being discovered, and it is this that probably weighed with the F.A. when they fined the three clubs named £250 each. Such a sum does not make a deal of difference to a club like the Cupholders, but the suspension of certain of their supporters does. As Mr. Wall said after the meeting last Friday, "It will teach many of the clubs a lesson, and prove that the rules of the Association are not to be trifled with." The decisions of the committee were only arrived at after careful consideration, and although they may cause astonishment, everything for the best interests of the game has been done.

The First Division League matches worked out very much according to public form last Saturday, though the beating of Aston Villa by the Woolwich Arsenal team came somewhat in the nature of a surprise. But it was no surprise to the Arsenal executive, who have all along stoutly maintained that they have a side second to none. That they have some reason for this opinion was fully borne out last Saturday, for the Villa were fairly and squarely beaten on their merits. The result of Saturday's match is to raise the Arsenal well from the bottom. The Arsenal were ousted from the Southern Charity Cup on Monday by Tottenham Hotspur; but I don't set much value on this result, for the "Reds" were palpably below form.

Sunderland received a visit from Blackburn Rovers on their ground at Roker Park on Saturday. The game was wonderfully well contested, and the Rovers only went under after a hard struggle. As it was, they were beaten by two goals to one; but it was a near thing, and Sunderland's winning goal was presented to them by Crompton, who, in trying to clear, put the ball into his own goal.

Newcastle United had little difficulty in defeating Notts County, the Goose Fair crowd of 16,000 witnessing the defeat of the locals by three goals to nil. Considering that the match was played at Trent Bridge, the victory stands out as a noteworthy one. On their own ground the United are almost invincible, but to score such an easy victory over the County at Nottingham is something out of the common.

Sheffield Wednesday are still unbeaten, their latest victims being Notts Forest, and the venue Owlerton. They beat the Foresters by two goals to nil, and, with a highest possible of twelve points as the result of six matches, they are making another bold bid for the championship. Derby County were at home to Bury, and a rare hard game it proved, the Peakites only gaining victory by three goals to two.

Preston North End journeyed to Manchester to play the City at Hyde Road. Preston had been going so well in the First Division that their defeat by Manchester City by six goals to one must have surprised even the winners.

However, there is the fact that North End were never in the hunt, and were easily beaten. Wolverhampton Wanderers went under to Everton at Goodison Park, but only after a hard game by two goals to one.

Middlesbrough were at Birmingham on a visit to Small Heath, and the last-named club annexed the points. Stoke beat Sheffield United by two goals to one at Stoke after a capital game. The season is young yet, and there is not such a great difference between the top and the bottom as



FULHAM v. SOUTHAMPTON: CORNER KICK BY SOUTHAMPTON.

appears on the surface. Any number of surprises may spring up during the next few weeks.

In the Second Division, Bolton Wanderers and Liverpool continue undefeated, and they hold such strong positions that they may retain first and second places to the end of the chapter. But, as I before remarked, accidents will happen, and we have had many instances of brilliant openings fizzling out towards the end of the season.

Reading found Luton a hard nut to crack, and in a dashing game only won by a goal, while Plymouth Argyle had the honour of beating New Brompton for the first time this season, the margin in their favour being three goals to two.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING

At the present moment we are, so to speak, crossing the stream, or, to put it in plain English, the season of athletics proper has practically finished, and "Over the sticks," as

Hill. Mr. Walter Rowland, one of the founders of the club, saw three teams go for a five-mile spin, but though many men famous on the path were out there was no attempt at racing, even the novices' pewter being absent.

The Polytechnic Harriers had a spin of four miles from their new quarters at Pinner, and about forty runners came under the starter's orders. The going was light, and a brisk run resulted. The Isledon Harriers opened at the Alexandra Palace with a three miles' open handicap. The course was confined to the Palace grounds, and resulted in favour of C. G. Holloway, of the promoting club, who had a start of 1 min. 16 sec. P. M. Keney, of the Cambridge Harriers (2 min. 10 sec.), was second, and A. Grubb, Highgate Harriers (2 min. 40 sec.), third. The special prizes were won by J. A. Pearce, largest entry; A. C. Coward, novice; G. Still, fastest time; J. H. Davenport, veterans; and J. G. Coughlin, members.

Thames Hare and Hounds had a run in the neighbourhood of Roehampton and Coombe, and other clubs who were indulging in practice were the Finchley Harriers at Nassen, Malden Harriers at Malden, Gainsford Athletic Club, Crouch End Harriers, and Shaftesbury Harriers.

The absolutely last "meeting" of the athletic season was held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and the London County C.C. may claim to have achieved a great success. Of course, with Alfred Shrubbs among the competitors interest was found to be taken in the gathering, but there was an even more famous personage in Dr. W. G. Grace, to say nothing of Mr. W. L. Murdoch, the famous old Australian captain. "W. G." had the start of 22 yards in the 100 yards members' handicap, which the champion cricketer won by a yard from L. Covell (nine yards start). Needless to say he had a wonderfully fine reception, and Shrubbs also was enthusiastically cheered when he carried off the three miles invitation scratch race by 180 yards from P. H. Hulford, who finished sixty yards ahead of A. Aldridge. Shrubbs' time was 14 min. 56 3-5 sec. BANBURY.

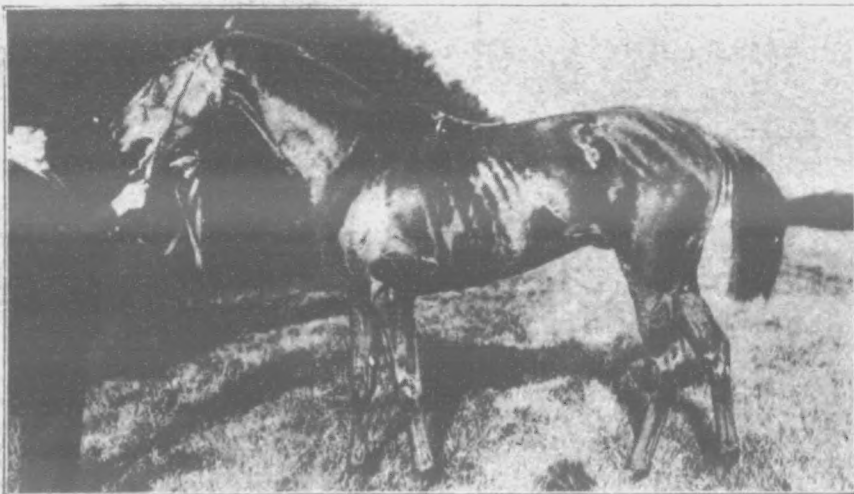
THE RACING WORLD.

MOST of us were severely shaken when, somehow or other, news of Pretty Polly's defeat in the Prix Grand Prix du Conseil Municipal became general property on Sunday afternoon, very quickly after the fact. At first people declined to believe the report, but gradually reconciled themselves to the idea that the mare might have found a conqueror. Still, they did so quite unwillingly, subsiding into passive despair with ill grace and the inward conviction that some strong excuse must be found. Sorry indeed am I to say that excuse was just what did not offer itself to cover the extent of the upset. It was not as though she came to grief after being run out or half knocked over, or being otherwise prejudiced; nor could we whitewash the set-down by claiming that she showed signs of being all wrong through the long journey.

Truly, she may—nay, must have been far from being herself, yet the running with Zinfandel came out right enough, and Presto II. made all the running, and won with plenty to spare. Simply, if you take into account the fact that Presto II. was turning the French form all upside down, as well as decisively breaking up the English mare's fine sequence of successes, you must allow him to have suddenly developed a flash of form quite unprecedented.

This losing performance leaves us without one good horse to our name if we must read the race as it stands. Pretty Polly had stood out by herself in her year, and would have been backed to beat any of the four- or five-year-olds at even weights, not to talk about weight for age. At the same time, Presto was a long way down in the list of French classy thoroughbreds—in fact, had been open for claiming as a selling-plater. I feel certain that she went off her form while waiting about on the journey between Newmarket and Longchamps; in fact, I said so when I saw her in the paddock and on the course before starting.

Naturally the going was blamed by our sportsmen, who betted seven to two on the mare till the bookmakers dried up, and punters must go to the Totalisator and make a greater loss than has for a long while left them lamenting. The galloping was much about as fair for one horse or rider.



THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES: THE WINNER, ROBERT LE DIABLE.

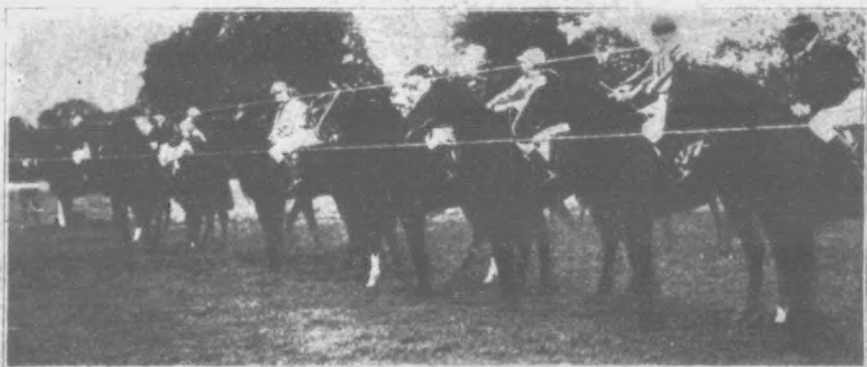
Bristol City have shown improvement, and are third on the list.

Southern League games were nearly all of them close, though the Spurs were beaten by the Rovers at Bristol by three goals to nil, while Queen's Park Rangers went down before Portsmouth to the tune of four goals to one. Swindon were somewhat unlucky to lose two men at West Ham, and even then only got beaten by two goals to none by the United, who on Monday got the upper hand of Portsmouth in the Southern Charity Cup. Brentford beat Brighton and Hove by an odd goal, and Millwall lowered the colours of Northampton on the latter's ground.

resulted in a win for F. J. Casserley, who occupied 33 min. 1 sec. in making the journey. D. J. Thomas was second, L. H. Allen third, L. J. Montague fourth, and N. E. Stanwell fifth.

Two picks took part in an ordinary run, the fast pack being composed of P. A. Casserley, F. Sanders, J. L. Churchill, R. S. Mears, and H. E. M. Martin. The slow pack included W. H. Coad, an old Southern Counties champion, and others.

The famous Blackheath pack were disporting in the vicinity of their headquarters, the Green Man, Blackheath



KEMPTON PARK NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE: AT THE STARTING-GATE.



THE RACE FOR THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES AT KEMPTON PARK LAST SATURDAY: THE FINISH.



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT PROMOTED BY THE WESTMINSTER COUNCIL CLUB ON OCTOBER 7.

as for another, though decidedly heavy all over, and with the inside berths much better than those on the outside. Our horses were not well placed, while Presto ran off with a strong lead. Still, they could have gone to the front at any time without giving away much distance. Besides, the two jockeys, Morny Cannon and Maher, who rode Zinfandel and Pretty Polly respectively, are accused of looking after each other instead of racing with an eye to the winner. They could not get their horses to go so fast as the leader, and winner—not when they tried all they knew, and the race was practically lost to us a long while before the judge was reached, and the great assembly made a great shout of joy at our being whacked.

A good bit of the English money will never come back to us, and what is more, the French folk talked as if they were going to appropriate another great sum by winning the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire also. A pretty business that, to be sure, meaning thousands and thousands going out of our bank just when we are all having so bad a time. The more than bare possibility of the business turning out so disastrously was brought into very clear light

I mean to say, on Saturday, without waiting for Wednesday to come, or the formalities of a race to be gone through.

All that was well enough in its way for the parties named; but others had a say in the matter, and so far as some eight or nine went, the affair was apparently unusually open. There was Dean Swift always favorite, or something like that, who might under certain circumstances become screaming hot in the market. Then we had Bondeau, Maher's mount, trained by Blackwell, whose skill is almost magical. Again, Pretty Polly's stable companion, Roe O'Neill, represented much danger, and the Irish War Wolf, whose partisans were sanguine enough in all conscience, and betted accordingly. Imari commanded a strong following, because of his being so well and having been met so little to carry. All through the piece good money had been about for Foundling, despite stories more or less discouraging. Admiral Breeze was said to be much fancied by Madden's admirers.

The North had only to say the word to make Clifton, half one of the favorites, and the same was reported in



THE ROYAL SOUTH BUCKS SHOW: PLOUGHING FOR THE KING'S PRIZE AT SLOUGH.

when a strong run was made on Gahzal for the Cesarewitch, and Calus for the Cambridgeshire, not to mention other of their nominations.

It made us look round at Newmarket to see how matters stood for Wednesday's big handicap. Monday's report was encouraging, in that the going was good—better than it had been at Kempton Park on Saturday, when Robert le Diable romped home in the Duke of York Stakes, and suggested that he might be the best of all our horses at weight for age: this was a big performance indeed. No wonder that it made the Whatcombe stable extremely confident, for they made no secret that St. Patrick's Day's chance meant putting in Robert at a ridiculous weight for him. At the same time, there was Wargrave, who at Langfield had beaten the Devil, and was believed at Allerton to have as good as won the prize already

other words regarding Mark Time and Sandbag. Harmony Hall was backed on Monday, and several of the probable starters of the previous few days scratched. Still, the field was quite large enough, and I suppose it was the alleged openness of the race which caused so big a muster at Newmarket. Not for a long while has the little town looked so cheerful or been so busy, and it was quite like old times to see the visitors about. So far as the eve of the meeting went all promised well. The course was drying after two days' beautiful weather, and reply to inquiries in various directions made the well-backed ones and others brought ready to run in good trim. Sometimes one finds Newmarket Heath hard, and scantily covered with good grass stuff of sorts. This season the going on the training grounds has been wonderfully good. Much pains have been spent on the place, and a deal of money too, in improving the Cesarewitch track.

BEXIDGO.



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FWS

HINDE'S

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction,

with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and setting them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" clearly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders "Hinde's" Wavers Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom three little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post from the proprietors, Hinde Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR

WAVERS

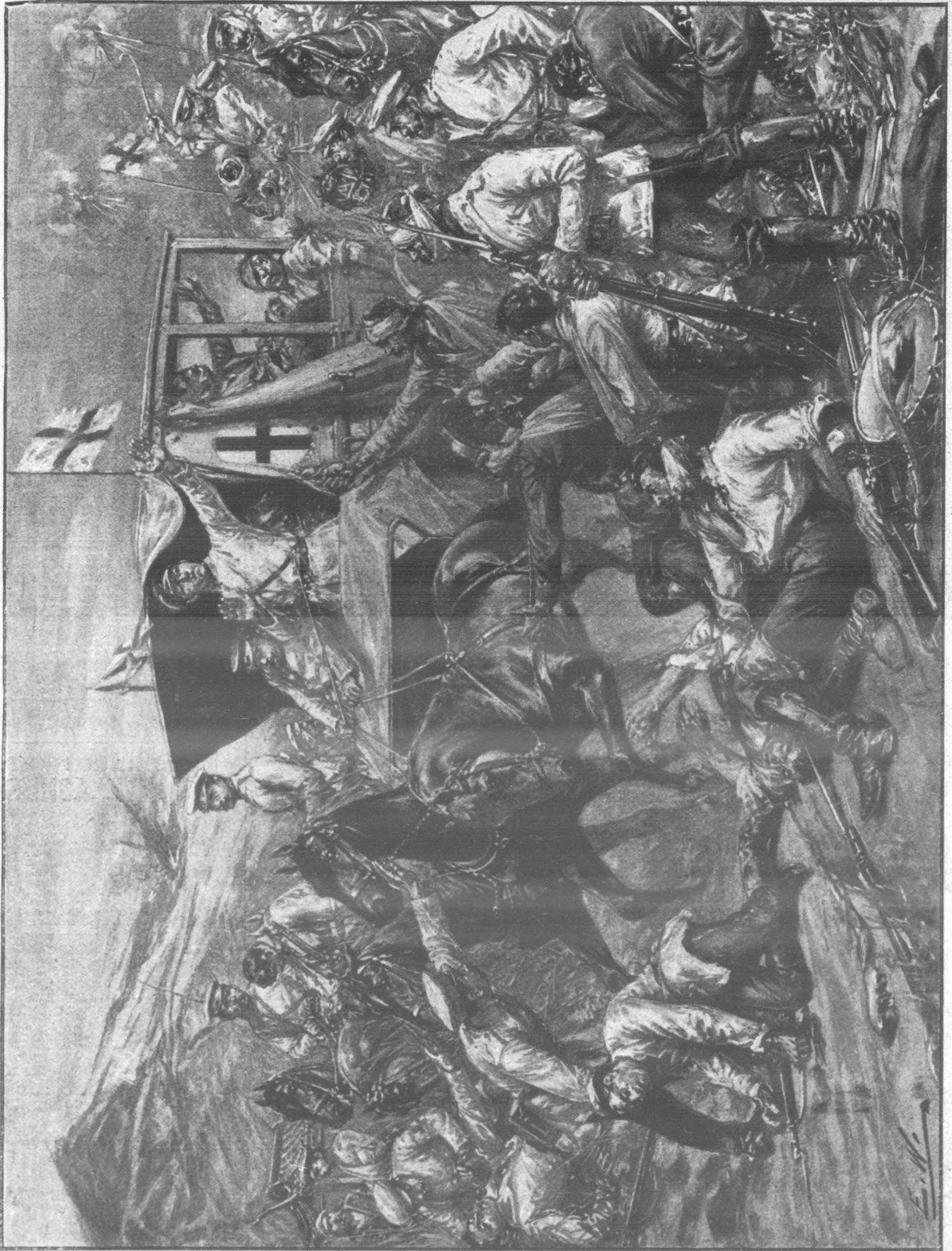
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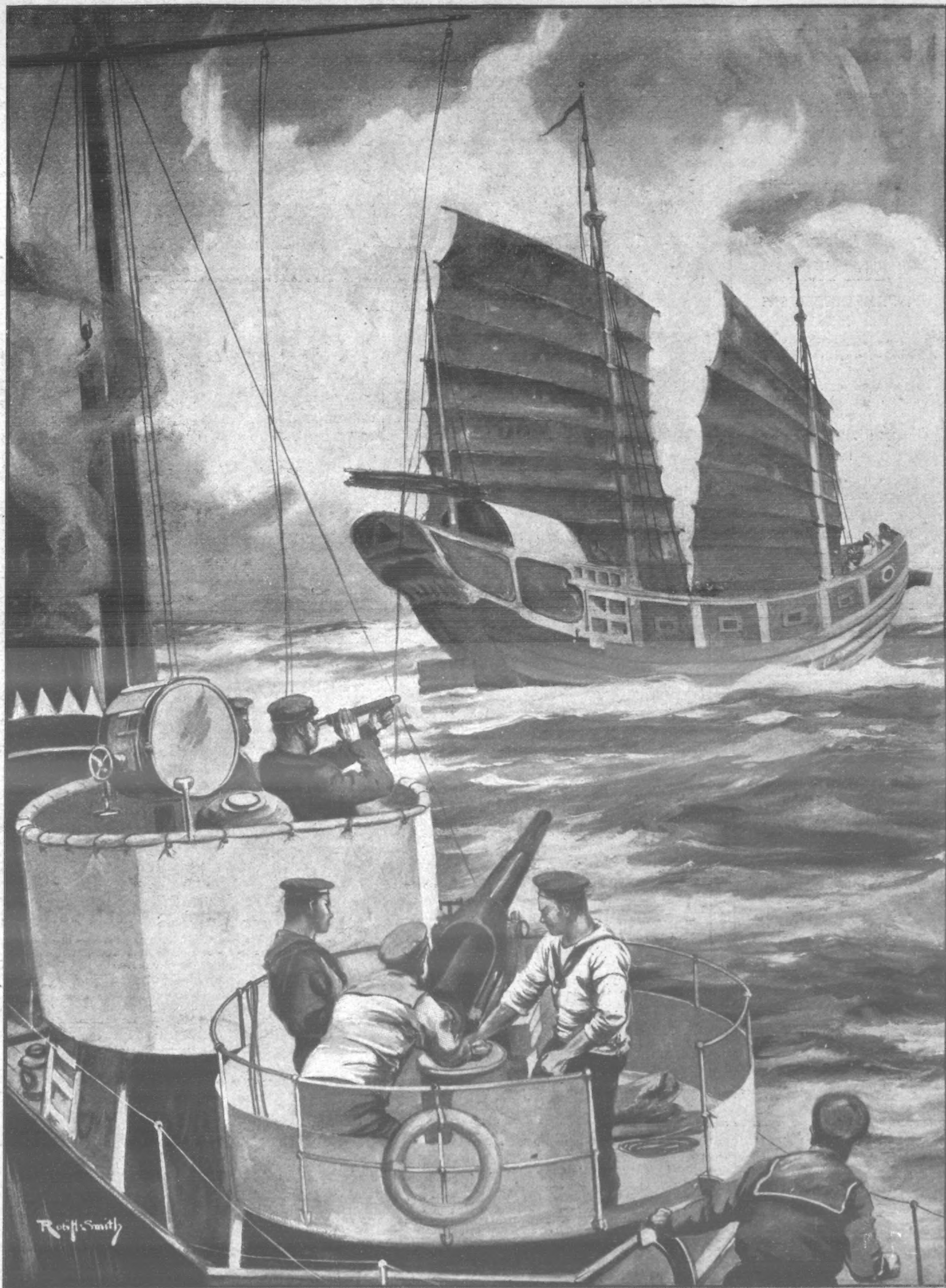
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A CHOICE MENU

must be supplemented by a good sauce. Some sauces merely destroy the flavour of food, giving to every dish the same taste. The great point about

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I AM asked by a correspondent what she is to do and where she is to go in order to get a hat to suit her. "They are all so ugly and unbecoming this season," she says. I am sorry that I cannot agree with her, for I have seen so much variety in shapes and trimmings that she ought to be able to find something suitable easily enough. And as she is willing to give from a guinea to £1 5s. she would have no easier task still. I recommend her to pay a visit, without loss of time, to the guinea hat shop, Maison Luce, 13, Harewood Place, Hanover Square, and have a look round. The picture-hats there made of chenille in all shades are

Very Pretty and Inexpensive

as hats go. Chenille and plush will be much worn this winter. The plush is not the old-fashioned material, but an original kind with wavy lines upon it, or an appearance of having been stamped here and there with a heavy weight, which makes pretty lights and shades upon the stuff. Some very nice loose muffs and short, tightly fitting jackets made of this plush are selling at Walter Taylor's,



SMARTNESS IN SHEPHERD'S PLAID.

A USEFUL TRAVELLING GOWN, MADE SHABBY BY REVERS AND CUFFS OF SCARLET OR DARK-COLOURED FACE-CLOTH, OF WHICH ALSO THERE ARE PIMPS ON THE SKIRT; TRICORN HAT WITH FEATHER.

in Westbourne Grove, at a lower price, and just as good as in the great shops further west. Taylor's is well worth a visit at present. There is a bonnet-shop, next door to the mantle and dress department, in which pretty head-gear can be bought. At Shoolbred's, too, a very great variety of handsome mantles, jackets, coats, and skirts, and the newest blouses in flannel for cold weather, can be seen. This establishment is also well worth a visit. I recommend my readers to wait for a few days before they start shopping, in order that they may have time to look over the "Autumn Fashion Number" of the *Lady's Pictorial*, which will be published on Oct. 15, almost as soon as these lines are in print. The sleeves full in at the top are to be seen now on all

The Newest Coats and Jackets,

and before long they will appear on the new blouses. At present it is possible to tell a blouse which was made some weeks ago by the sleeves, which are put in flat. Presently no one will buy them with sleeves made in that old style. I hope none of my girl friends will let themselves be persuaded to wear dark blue veils. They make the complexion look ghastly, and they are most unbecoming. I think I have said before that the wide, loose veils have disappeared. Very few women would wear them. I wonder often what becomes of the articles of dress which women refuse to buy? I do not believe that they are all packed off to the Colonies, unless it be to the most isolated and wildest parts. In the Australian and Canadian cities the women dress as well as the women at home.

I am curious to know if any of my young friends who live in the country are

Studying for the Medical Profession.

If so, I hope they read, or will read, an account of the opening address delivered by Miss Murdoch, assistant physician to the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children at Hull, at the beginning of the winter session of the London School of Medicine for Women on Oct. 1. This address was, above all things, practical; and practical hints, Miss Murdoch said truly, would be of great help to students who were beginning to study for their noble profession; and one point upon which she laid special stress was the necessity for sleep. "Do not make your bed a place to think out problems," was one of her wise maxims; and it is one that all women, and men too, should try to follow. The brain which is kept working during the earlier, or indeed any, part of the night cannot sleep, and by the morning there is a sensation of weariness, and perhaps a bad headache, from loss of the much-needed rest. "Women," the lecturer said, "should imitate the faculty which some men possessed"—namely, that of "using up odd moments in sleep." It is wonderful how refreshing is a nap of even half an hour, and the habit of taking such a rest could be acquired

I wonder would any of my readers like an Irish recipe for making

Potato Cakes?

Rub a quarter of a pound of butter or very good dripping—butter preferred—into one pound of flour, add one pound of well-boiled mealy potatoes—peeled before boiling, else they will not mash well—make a hole in the middle of the mixture, and stir in as much warm milk as will bring it to the consistency of light paste; roll it out about half an inch thick and cut it into squares. Bake it on a well-floured tin in a hot oven if possible; if not possible, then in a moderate oven. Turn the cakes when they are lightly brown over on the other side. They can be split when done, and buttered, or served very hot without butter, which can be added at table. Baking powder, a teaspoonful, is added in the recipe; but it is never used in Ireland. A well-beaten fresh egg is used, but not always, and if well made the cakes should be rich and light enough without it; but on no account use powder. Wet, soapy potatoes will not make a good cake.

I am told that two ounces of permanganate of potash (Condy's fluid is made of this) dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to which is added a pint of ale well stirred in, makes an excellent



OLD LACE USED WITHOUT CUTTING.

A TRICK THAT WILL ENABLE A LACE SHAWL OR DEEP FLOUNCES TO BE PLACED OVER WHITE SATIN WITHOUT INJURY TO THE Dainty DENTELLE.

stain for floors. Give the floor two coats, and then varnish. Some women stain their hair with Condy's fluid.

MARGUERITE.

Of All the Diseases which ravage humanity there is little doubt that the most distressing and the most deadly originate in chest and stomach troubles. In view of the fact that such diseases are painfully prevalent, considerable interest attaches to the new treatment for chest and stomach troubles introduced some years ago by Professor Weidhaas, and now being practised by the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, Burgess Hill, near Brighton. The book issued by the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute is an illustrated treatise of 120 pages containing a full explanation of the treatment, with general information for sufferers (especially those afflicted with asthma, bronchitis, consumption, etc.), and a great mass of testimony from medical men, clergymen, newspapers, and patients. We understand that this book is sent post free to anybody writing to above address.

Many People are Convinced of the utility of the oil-stove, but do not know what kind to buy. Of course, there is nothing like having the best, and we are reminded by the receipt of their new catalogues that the firm of Rippin-gille's Albion Lamp Company, Limited, of Aston Road, Birmingham, have for many years been on the pinnacle of fame so far as oil-stoves are concerned. We have no doubt that Messrs. Rippin-gille will gladly send a copy of their catalogue with name of nearest agent, post free to anyone interested enough to send a post-card to them at Aston Road, Birmingham.

THE CRIMSON SLIPPER.

BY DORA LANGLOIS.

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "That Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: It is found on the moor where the writer and his friend Herman are shooting—a tiny satin slipper. At lunch, conversation turns on the local residents, Sir Robert Birchall and Mr. Montgomery (rival candidates for the Parliamentary seat), and Mr. Danvers, a single man whose niece is locally called the "nun." Herman had known the handsome Mrs. Montgomery in other days, and does not speak well of her. Duncan discovers, at a dance, on Mrs. Montgomery's dress, a brooch matching the jewelled buckle on the shoe, but Mrs. Montgomery lies as to the ownership of the shoe. Duncan marks in red on the orrison map in his study the spot where the slipper was found, and a copse which he had noticed excited the dogs' curiosity. Mrs. Montgomery then writes claiming the shoe, and asking Duncan to bring it hidden in a box of flowers. She explains that her dog must have run off with it. Driving home, Duncan is stopped by a woman who upbraids him for returning the slipper, and adds that she has got the stocking—torn with brambles—which accompanied it on the night when Mrs. Montgomery, the maid feels certain, met Danvers, with whom she had been corresponding. Danvers is missing. She pleads to know where the shoe was found, but Duncan will not tell. His man meets him on the doorstep with the news that Danvers' murdered body has been found on the moor. Herman, who has accidentally seen the marked plan, is astonished to find the scene of the murder already marked on it. At the inquest the "nun" explains that on the afternoon before Danvers was missed he received a note which disturbed him. He went out, and was not seen again. After her evidence, Duncan sees her to her carriage. He buys for her, at the sale of Danvers' effects, a Japanese cabinet, for which, however, he has to give £25, as Mrs. Montgomery's agent and another bid against him. He is taken before a well-known political figure, and learns that Danvers sought, through Mrs. Montgomery, to sell his high political secret the foreign Power. While Duncan is there news arrives that a copy of the original cypher has been discovered at his house, in the cabinet. He is warned that he is a marked man, and liberated.

CHAPTER VI.

ON what immediately followed I have no particular wish to dwell. Suspected and disgraced though I was, a capital meal, excellently served, was placed before me within a quarter of an hour of the great man's departure, and when sufficient time had been given me to discuss it if so minded, the matter-of-fact and decorous manservant announced that the carriage was waiting, just as he might have made the announcement to any ordinary guest.

I followed him to the hall-door, and was about to turn on the steps to get a look at the place of my incarceration, when my elbows were seized by two men, and I was hurried, I might almost say lifted bodily, into a brougham, which was panelled with wood in place of glass.

For myself I had ceased to care to know where the mysterious house was situated, but the fear that Mary Denzell might some day pay it a visit left me determined to find out if I could; and my arms being free once more, I struck the parcel nearest me again and again with all my might.

"It won't do, Mr. Duncan," said a voice beside me in the darkness. "It won't do, I assure you, and when we say it won't do I think you may take the thing for granted. Those panels are not made of match-board. In building cabs, as in everything else, our motto, you must know, is 'Thorough.'"

The voice was that of the individual I had hitherto regarded as the leader of a ruffianly gang, but whom I now knew to be a trusted servant of that powerful but mysterious body, the Secret Service Corps.

I made no answer, and my mentor continued: "Don't be anxious; you are on your way to the most suitable of the London termini; and you will find in your pockets money to pay your expenses back to Southwite."

Then you don't accompany me the whole way? I suggested in some surprise, not at his knowing the contents of my pockets, unusual as that is among gentlemen, but at the idea that I was to depart alone.

"I shall do myself the pleasure of seeing you off," he replied. "That's sufficient for the present. Candidly, we prefer to have you at Elsinore, where it is so much easier to keep you under observation, and where no doubt you have business to transact. If you think of returning to town we may possibly meet again."

I understood from this that someone not known to me by sight would be on the train, and that a new set of men would be posted at Elsinore, so I retorted briefly—

"Very well. But I warn you you are wasting time in shadowing me."

There is no necessity to give details of the gloomy journey that followed. I experienced all the pleasing sensations of the thief who sees in every railway-car an officer. But at last it was over, and at a few minutes past six in the morning I got out at Southwite's little station and commenced to walk through the first fog of the season towards Elsinore.

The station was some distance from the village but not very far from the castle, and as I tramped along I caught sight of a tall, fine figure in front of me robed in grey. My pulses quickened with a sudden leap, for I recognised, or thought I did, in the woman ahead of me the heroine of my night adventure on the road.

Why had she been silent so long? Why had she failed to carry out the threats she had uttered? I was too desperate to heed the warning "Let sleeping dogs lie," and quickening my pace till I reached her side, I raised my hat and said—

"Do you always take your constitutional very early or very late?"

An angry glance from a pair of very fine dark eyes told me I was right in her identity as she answered curtly

"I don't know you."

"Not by sight, perhaps," said I. "Still, you do know me. I am Richard Duncan, of Elsinore."

"I don't talk to strangers," she retorted.

"Pardon me, you have talked to me," I said, "and you made some very unpleasant remarks too."

"I never spoke to you in all my life," she cried indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, then," I said coolly. "I took you for Mrs. Montgomery's maid."

She bit her lip. "I am Mrs. Montgomery's maid," she answered. "What of it?"

"Only this," I said. "I should like to know when you intend to tell that interesting story about the shoe you say Mrs. Montgomery lost. I'm anxious to learn if you mean to try to identify her and me with the murder of your late friend Mr. Danvers?"

She turned on me at once with flashing eyes and heaving bosom. "Don't you try to identify me with that man!" she cried. "He was no friend of mine. I would have scorned to know such a fellow. Although I am only a servant I won't have my character blackened by you saying I had anything to do with him."

"Very well," I responded. "Then I've made a mistake, that's all, and Mrs. Montgomery must have two personal attendants who resemble each other strangely. Good-morning."

"What an extraordinary change of front," I said to myself as I walked on rapidly, leaving her behind me. "I know I'm not mistaken in her identity. Has calm reflection shown her the folly of ruining her own character by admitting her intimacy with the deceased? If so, it's a great stroke of luck for Mrs. Montgomery. Fortunately for her I don't care much either way; I've other things to look into. How was that desk tampered with? What has Minting been up to? I hardly think that he was bribed to do it himself, but I fancy he has been entertaining friends while Herman and I have been out of the way. I must certainly get rid of the fellow."

He was at the front door when I reached Elsinore, and, being clearly still on his dignity, merely acknowledged my nod and asked how soon I would like some breakfast.

"As soon as possible," I answered, and went into the smoking-room. There on a table supposed to be exclusively set apart for my use—a table standing by the wall opposite the big French window—was the desk, the key hanging by a string to one of the silver handles.

Taking it for granted that the man who abstracted the paper had come into the house by invitation, it still puzzled me to think how he had had time to search the desk so thoroughly as to find what Miss Denzell's lawyer had missed. I untied the string, opened the desk, and saw the *modus operandi* at a glance. The interior of the desk was wrecked!

Not a scratch on the outside told the tale of the treatment it had received. When opened as for writing, the two half-lids still remained intact, but the divisions between the inkwells and the pen-tray were knocked out, and all the woodwork of the interior compartments had been similarly treated. There, in a confused heap at the bottom of the desk, lay all those cunningly fashioned pieces of wood, cut by the finest joiners in the world, which had made the desk such a unique possession. The motto "Thorough" had been followed with a vengeance. My property was thoroughly ruined, the man who had handled it thoroughly convinced that he had left nothing behind.

I shut the desk, and was about to lock it when a voice made me turn. "Good-morning, Duncan. I'm glad to see you back."

It was my friend Herman, in his dressing-gown, who greeted me thus cordially. He had returned during my absence, it seemed, and Minting had doubtless rushed up to wake him with the information that I had turned up as unexpectedly as I had departed.

"Yes, I—I ran up to town after the sale at the Barrows," I stammered, feeling a strong disinclination to tell my adventures, and a nervous dread of being questioned about them.

"The sale? Oh, yes, you bought that desk there, I suppose," he remarked. "It's a handsome article. Did it cost much, Duncan?"

"Not what it was worth," I answered. "It isn't mine, it's Miss Denzell's. I'm—I'm merely keeping it till she wants it."

I made this unnecessary statement, which was but half a truth, in the careless way in which men speak when they are so intent on not revealing one thing that they incautiously say too much about other matters. In point of fact I was talking so that I might not appear reserved, and that is a very dangerous practice.

I was sorry the moment after because it suddenly struck me that I must not let Miss Denzell have the desk. I must not allow her to be connected with it in any way; but I had cause later on to regret my incautious remark for a much graver reason.

"You—you won't mind my asking you not to mention that I got it for Miss Denzell?" I inquired. "I—she—well, of course she couldn't bid for it herself, you see."

"Of course not," he interrupted me kindly; "and naturally I shan't mention the matter. I'm very glad you've got back, old fellow."

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When Minting told me you had left suddenly I half feared you had had some bad news, that something had happened that might detain you for some time, and I feared that I was in for a stay here by myself."

"No, no," I answered blunderingly. "No bad news, nothing special. You were away, and I just thought I'd run up to town for a few hours. When did you get back yourself?"

"Only yesterday afternoon," he replied. "But I got off as soon as I could. I thought you'd get lipped all alone here. I know I should."

I busied myself lighting a pipe, and tried to keep my hand from trembling. This was Saturday morning; the sale had taken place on Thursday, and on Thursday I had been spirited away. On Thursday night, therefore, when he had the house to himself, Minting had undoubtedly entertained the friend or friends who had wrecked the desk. He had made a late sitting of it, of course, after Mrs. Foreman had retired, for it was impossible to suspect her, good, steady-going soul, of encouraging any Bohemian tendencies. Thus the man who found the paper had been able to get to town in time to put me to utter confusion on Friday night.

Just then Minting came in to announce breakfast, and my uneasiness vanished, for I knew that Herman would not ask any questions as to the business that had taken me to town while he was in the room.

"For the moor this morning, or do you want a rest, Duncan?" Herman demanded, when the meal was over.

"I've got a call to make, if you'll excuse me, old fellow," I answered.

"All right," he said cheerily. "I'll be back to lunch, and then perhaps you'll join me."

He left me, and at about eleven o'clock I set out for Southwaite Castle, determined to see Mrs. Montgomery and give her clearly to understand that if she refused to help me in the matter of the papers I would revoke my promised silence altogether.

It was early, of course, but I was right in thinking that she would not refuse to see me, or keep me waiting long for an audience.

"Ah, Mr. Duncan," she cried, holding out her pretty hand to me with an engaging smile, "what brings you here so early? Upon my word, you look as solemn and important as if you had been summoned to Windsor on affairs of State."

"Hardly that," I replied, lowering my voice. "But I had an interview last night in town with a person who frequently enjoys that honour."

She started, and her lips fell apart like the lips of a child startled yet half incredulous.

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"I mean," I replied, "that I was taken forcibly to London to have an interview with the person whose agent bid against us unsuccessfully for Mr. Danvers' desk."

"What became of the desk?" she asked in a low voice.

"It was broken into that very night," I replied, "and the copy of a certain cypher found in it. The other missing papers are urgently required, Mrs. Montgomery, and, believe me, you will consult your own best interests in surrendering them if you have them."

"I have not got them," she cried passionately. "Good Heavens! Mr. Duncan, surely—surely you don't think I killed Roger Danvers?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied. "I know you were on the moor the night he died. The person I refer to knows everything except the nature of the article I found and returned to you. He is prepared to give us reasonable time, I daresay, but if the missing papers are not in his hands soon he will take some steps likely to be very unpleasant to you."

"But," she gasped, "if I cannot give them up—if I do not know where they are?"

"That is much easier said than proved," I retorted. "I have met this great man, Mrs. Montgomery, and I assure you that, absolutely innocent as you know me to be, I could not clear myself, and if I failed you may judge what your chances are."

"But I bid for the desk myself," she insisted. "Doesn't that prove that I thought the papers were in it, and so could not possibly have them in my possession?"

"The cypher was in the desk," I answered; "therefore your bidding for the desk does not prove that you have not got the other papers. It was bidding for the desk that got me into trouble."

"I don't care," she cried wildly. "I have not got the papers. You can't get blood out of a stone, Mr. Duncan. I am an innocent woman, and you are trying to terrorise me."

"It's nonsense to talk about innocence," I retorted. "You may be innocent of Danvers' murder—though there is a strong *prima facie* case against you—but you are clearly guilty in the other matter, and nothing but direct assistance of some sort from you towards the recovery of those papers will help you to escape from what is otherwise inevitable."

"I can't help!" she moaned. "Either he had the papers on him when he died and the murderer took them, or he had hidden them away, or already parted with them. I have never touched them, never seen them; I don't know where they are. Mr. Duncan, you have some interest with these people; why should they ruin me for nothing? Even about the papers I am not so very culpable. I was told they were about an invention, an invention already refused by the British Government, and Mr. Danvers promised me money to get him a few introductions. I wanted the money badly, because Mr. Montgomery is so mean and tyrannical. I didn't suspect Mr. Danvers till just before his death, and then he wouldn't write or explain, or come to see me, and so I had to go to him. But I never saw him that night. I heard a shot and ran away, and that is all there is against me."

Of course, I did not believe this trumped-up tale about an invention, but her genuine terror and anxiety led me to think that she was speaking the truth when she declared that the papers were not in her hands.

"I have no influence with these people at all," I retorted. "I am a suspect like yourself, and I tell you frankly that even if I had interest with them I have no sympathy for you. The most I can say is that I'm very sorry for you if you are so unfortunate as not to be able to help in any way."

"In any way?" she repeated slowly.

"Yes, by giving some clue, even if you can't give up the papers themselves."

There was a pause; the fingers of her little childish hands, on which jewels seemed strangely out of place, were knotted together convulsively. I firmly believe that at that moment she was considering the advisability of betraying her accomplices. The fact that she did not do so showed me more clearly than anything else that as regarded the possession of the missing papers she spoke the truth.

"What's the use?" she retorted. "They must know who wanted to buy; that will be no news to them."

"Of course not," I replied; "but you might point to others who were once, let us say, in your confidence, and now may be acting independently."

"There was no one," she answered, "as far as I was concerned. I neither know where the papers are now, nor can I suggest the name of any person who may have got them."

"You must understand, then," I said, "that you will be treated with as much severity as if you purposely withheld information. The parties concerned are not likely to show any mercy to either of us. In a week, perhaps, you will be in the dock, and I shall be called as a witness against you; and even if I felt disposed to let you down lightly and suppress what I personally know, there are others who would rise up and force me to tell the whole truth. You are not so secure as you think, Mrs. Montgomery; you

swear in public that you never spoke to me until this morning?"

For one moment her eyes left her mistress's face and came round to mine. "Yes, I'm prepared to swear that," she replied distinctly.

"That will do; you may go," Mrs. Montgomery said. "I shall sift this matter to the bottom, Ellen Halladay, and I shall be surprised and pained indeed if I find that you are a wicked liar and have been acting a treacherous part to a good mistress."

The girl went out of the room thoroughly cowed and subdued, and I turned on Mrs. Montgomery.

"I'm not to be bluffed in this way," I cried hotly. "It is easy for your maid to give me the lie; but there are others who can force her to speak the truth."

I stopped suddenly and gazed at the beautiful woman opposite me in utter surprise. A complete change had come over her; she was no longer terrified, appealing, driven to the last poor resource of begging me to make interest for her with those who already doubted me. If her flashing eye, her curled lip meant anything they meant that she had ceased to fear.

"Let those who can force her to speak do so," she said; "but I warn you, and those you are so anxious to propitiate, Mr. Duncan, that if any attempt is made to connect me with Mr. Danvers' murder I shall publish all I know about the negotiations over the other affair. I shall, of course, have to mention some big names—some very big names indeed—and then this great individual will find himself with a nice European complication on his hands—a complication which, I fancy, he would rather avoid."

"You can do that, of course," I answered, shaken in spite of myself both by her sudden audacity and the readiness with which she had found the one weak spot in the great man's position—the fact that it was supremely necessary to avoid an international scandal; "but I fail to see how that will improve your personal position, or help you to answer the criminal charge."

"I have an absolute answer to that," she

she answered. "Besides, I will not allow Mr. Montgomery to interfere between me and any person I choose to receive privately. I'm not going to keep you long, Mr. Duncan—you are no favourite of mine—I only want to explain that if I am attacked it will be bad for everybody concerned. I was on the moor, as you know. I heard the shot, and I saw the murderer dash out of the spinney. Shall I tell you who it was? Would you like to hear the man's name?"

"If you know it," I stammered in astonishment.

She leant forward, more beautiful than ever in her wickedly triumphant humour, and whispered in my ear, "Sir Robert Birchall!"

"No!" I cried faintly. "No—it is impossible!"

"It's true," she said. "I saw him. I went to the moor to meet Mr. Danvers certainly, but I was not love-sick over him like the wife of the man who took his life. If mud is thrown I shall escape better than some others. That is all, Mr. Duncan; now you can go."

I left the house at once. It seemed to me that there was a fiend in the body of this fair, soft creature, and, thankful to be rid of her presence, I made my way back to Elsinore fatigued, shaken, and almost overwhelmed. Minting was at the bottom of the garden peering through the hedge at something as I approached; but he did not see me, and I did not ask him what he was doing there. Fate had so ordained it that Minting and I should be on bad terms, therefore I no longer received his garrulous reports of every little trivial incident he observed. Had it been otherwise I might have been warned of the danger that threatened such hopes and such peace as were still left to me; but it was not to be, and I went in without attracting his attention.

"Duncan, you look as if you had had a shock!" Herman exclaimed, as I entered the smoking-room. "You've heard the latest, then?"

"The latest! About what?" I asked.

"The Danvers affair, of course," he replied. "Sir Robert Birchall is under arrest!"

"Good Heavens!" I gasped.

"It's true," he continued. "The pistol they found on the spot turns out to be his, and he can't account for his movements between half-past eight and a few minutes to eleven on the night of the tragedy. He ought to have addressed a meeting of electors on that night, and he certainly failed to turn up. It's not all in the paper, of course, but that is what is being said. You can see all that the local paper has to tell for yourself. You'll find it on the middle page; I saw a copy in Southwaite half an hour ago."

He handed me an unopened newspaper as he spoke. I spread it out, and in one of the middle columns of the centre right-hand page a couple of heavily leaded lines caught my eye at once: "Sensational Development: Arrest of Sir Robert Birchall." I read no more. With two or three quick turns I folded the news sheet just as the paper had been folded that Ellen Halladay had brought into the room and given to her mistress, and that Mrs. Montgomery had slipped immediately under the cushion of the sofa on which she sat.

Thus folded, those two bold headlines met the eye at a glance. They required no effort to decipher them—they stamped themselves on the brain at once; and the mystery of my antagonist's swift change of front was a mystery no longer.

She had learnt suddenly of the arrest of Sir Robert Birchall, of which before she had clearly not heard; she knew that someone else could be identified with the crime, and she had ceased to fear for her own safety. What was more, I now felt morally convinced that she had not seen Sir Robert on the scene of the tragedy; that whether he was innocent or guilty she would perjure herself if she swore to that.

I tried to pull myself together after the excitement of my discovery in order to think it calmly out. To go into the witness-box at all would surely ruin her socially. Ah! but, of course, she did not fear that. Once satisfied that she had not got the paper or papers, who wanted her there? Not the people in London, certainly. If they found they could no longer hold over her head the terrors of a criminal charge they would be careful not to let her complicate matters by speaking. Mrs. Montgomery was pretty safe.

"Here is a London paper, Duncan," Herman said, his voice startling me, for I had forgotten his presence, "but there's nothing in it about the arrest; that will be in the evening papers, I suppose."

I took the news sheet and glanced at it, but when Herman left the room I did not feel called on to pretend further interest in anything it could tell me. It lay before me unopened, and I began lazily reading the lines on the front page just as my eyes fell on them, without selection. I informed myself that someone was willing to cremate me or my relatives in first-class style at reasonable rates, and then I re-read a line and paused over it.

"James Howell, Private Inquiry Agent." Where had I heard the name before? Ah! yes, I remembered. I had heard of the man as connected with the Cheedale mystery, and not so long ago as the person who discovered the murderer of the beautiful young Jewess, Adele Westgarth, who was done to death while sitting under a mulberry-tree in her father's garden in full view of the windows of the house. The man was undoubtedly clever, and he was also spoken of as honest. I opened my letter-case, and, finding a form, wrote a wire requesting him, if he was able, to come to me at once, adding that there was a train from town that he might catch that afternoon if disengaged.

(To be continued.)



WAR MEMORIAL AT PRESTON: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY BY MAJOR-GENERAL KEKEWICH ON OCTOBER 6.

have an enemy, and a very vindictive one, under your own roof."

"Under my roof! What do you mean?" she cried, her large humid eyes searching my face wildly, and gleaming very bright and beautiful in her new access of terror.

"Your maid," I answered. "She knows that you lost your slipper on the night that Danvers died, and that I brought it back to you. Mr. Danvers was her lover, it seems, and she is not inclined to feel any pity or commiseration for you."

As I spoke there was a faint knock at the door; it opened, and the woman with the black eyes and the long white hands appeared carrying a salver on which lay a newspaper.

"I've brought you the paper, Ma'am," she said, advancing towards her mistress, and noticing me only by a side glance from her almond-shaped eyes.

Mrs. Montgomery took the paper from the salver, glanced at it, and then slipped it under the cushion of the sofa on which she sat. I noticed that the paper was folded in a peculiar way, not at all as an unopened paper from the newsagents is generally folded.

The girl was already at the door, about to retire. Mrs. Montgomery was sitting up, with a peculiar hard gleam in those beautiful mild blue eyes which a moment before had been so full of terror.

"Stop one moment, Ellen," she said. "This gentleman has made a most surprising statement about you. He says you accuse me of having had something to do with Mr. Danvers' death. Is that true?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am—no!" the girl answered, clasping her hands convulsively. "I never said such a thing—never, never!"

"Nonsense, my girl!" I retorted angrily. "You accused Mrs. Montgomery of having done an injury to Mr. Danvers before even the murder was discovered."

"I didn't," she repeated, still looking at her mistress, not at me. "I never did. This gentleman is making some mistake. I never saw him till this morning."

"Come," I said; "it is easy to say you never saw me before, but are you prepared to

retorted proudly. "You must not think for a moment that I have any fear for the safety of my own neck. You are not the only person in the world, Mr. Duncan, who can keep silence out of pure consideration for others; but this thing has gone too far, and if I am to receive no mercy I will show none."

She got no further, for at that moment the door opened again and her husband entered the room. He acknowledged me with only the slightest bow, and it was quite certain that the glance he threw first at her and then at me was anything but a friendly one.

"I had no idea that you and Mr. Duncan were so intimate, Helena," he said coldly.

"Indeed!" she remarked. "I thought I told you, James, that it was Mr. Duncan who so kindly brought me back that slipper that somehow got on to the moor. He has been telling me some interesting things that have come to his knowledge lately about poor Mr. Danvers."

I rose to take my departure. Even if I wished to prolong the interview I could not possibly do so after her husband had so clearly intimated that my presence was distasteful to him. Besides, I had nothing further to gain; the ground had been cut from under my feet. Ellen Halladay, once so bitter and so careless of her character as to tell me of her love affairs, was now Mrs. Montgomery's tool, and the last card I held—her possible dread of affairs coming to her husband's ears—was not a trump if he knew already of the loss and the return of the crimson slipper.

"One moment, Mr. Duncan," she said imperiously, as I advanced to bid her good-bye; "I really can't spare you yet. James, tell them to get the horses out, will you; I want to start for my drive in ten minutes. See that they let me have the bays."

He shot one glance at me—half surly, half suspicious—then with the briefest of adieux he went out like a flunkey to execute her order.

"You ought not to have done that," I cried indignantly, for every fibre in me rebelled against being forced into the position of one of her train of male friends. "As far as I am concerned our interview was at an end."

"And as far as I am concerned it was not,"

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

BERLIN was looking forward eagerly to the production of Blumenthal's new play, "Der Tote Löwe" ("The Dead Lion"), but the piece has been forbidden by the police. The dramatist has appealed, but in vain, as the Chief of Police states that the subject relates to contemporary events. The plot introduces two leading parts, King Marco of Castile, and his Prime Minister, the Duke of Oliveto, and the period is the fourteenth century; but the authorities maintain that the King and the aged Minister exactly reproduce the characters of the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck. Hence the play is prohibited. In one scene the King says: "My power and your greatness are like two trees planted so closely together that they cannot flourish properly." In another scene the King says, "My youth cannot endure the shadow of your wise age." But the author has arranged to produce "The Dead Lion" at Hamburg, so as to be beyond the jurisdiction of the censor, and owing to the keen interest excited in Germany the prohibition of Berlin will probably increase the attraction of the play, and lead to its production in France, England, and certainly in the United States, in which latter country Germans abound who sympathise with the late Chancellor. I hear already that Switzerland is likely to follow Hamburg in bringing out "The Dead Lion," and a rumour has reached me that the play will also be seen on the London stage.

Mr. Pinero's new play, "A Wife Without a Smile," is being eagerly discussed, and his point of view will lead to considerable argument pro and con. It is announced for production at Wyndham's this present Wednesday, so by this time the secret of the author's treatment will be known.

That charming actress Miss Marie Tempest has been absent for more than a year; but it will be good news for playgoers that the lady proposes, early in November, to appear at the Criterion in a new play called "The Freedom of Suzanne," by Mr. Cosmo Gordon. Suzanne, it appears, is a young wife who somewhat capriciously seeks to obtain a divorce from her husband, who is really a very decent fellow after all. No sooner does Suzanne obtain her freedom than she sighs for her former companion, and in the end the couple are again united. That Miss Marie Tempest will appear to advantage in such a subject may be taken for granted.

The extraordinary play produced last week at the Savoy soon ended its inglorious career; but



THE LATE MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD WHO DIED ON MONDAY LAST.

Mrs. Brown-Potter boldly announces the reopening of the theatre in a few days with Herman Merivale's attractive play, "Forget Me Not," originally acted at the Lyceum with Miss Genevieve Ward as the heroine, and afterwards throughout the world. A version of "Cavalleria Rusticana" will make a double bill, and with such an excellent programme Mrs. Brown-Potter should be well provided, and I hope will also succeed thoroughly.

Rumour is busy with the future arrangements of Mr. Tree, and I am told that when "The Tempest" is withdrawn it will be followed by "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Tree will make no immediate statement respecting it owing to Sir Henry Irving's appearance as Shylock at Drury Lane in the spring, but we may count upon Mr. Tree's Shylock as one of "the events that cast their shadows before."

Afterwards Mr. Tree will be seen as Nero in Mr. Stephen Phillips's drama—a blank-verse play with splendid surroundings, surpassing all previous productions at His Majesty's Theatre.

I may state as probable, though not absolutely certain, that "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau, declared by the French critics to be the author's best work, is likely to be Mr. George Alexander's next play. "Business is Business" is the English title of the version by Mr. Robert Hichens; and the character of the hero, a millionaire financier, would suit Mr. Alexander perfectly. There are one or two scenes which remind me of the old play "Mammon," revived by Mr. Tree a few years ago under the title of "A Bunch of Violets," a title far inferior to the original; but the piece was so well performed at the Haymarket that I remember the play being successful. The

introduction of some beery British workmen as "Sons of Toil" delighted the audience.

Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" has been produced in Paris, and actually with success. But there are always families in Paris glad to welcome an innocent and pure play. French mothers of the upper class are so well aware of the character of many modern plays of the Parisian type that they will not permit their daughters (often fresh from the convent) to visit the theatre. Happily, in London our dramas are generally harmless. Dickens's pretty Christmas story was, on the whole, adequately played and understood.

The season of the San Carlo Company of Naples at Covent Garden has been arranged, and on Monday next they commence with "Manon Lescaut," on Tuesday "Aida," on Wednesday "La Tosca," on Thursday "Rigoletto," on Friday "Carmen," and on Saturday there will be a matinee of "Aida" and in the evening "La Tosca" will be repeated—a most attractive list of operas, at popular prices, performed by a first-rate Italian company. The conductor is Signor Campanini, brother of the once famous tenor. In the second week of the season, another of the Fancy Balls will be given, and for that night the opera will be suspended. I shall, I feel convinced, be justified in anticipating a brilliant success for the Neapolitans, and it is with no little satisfaction that I record the fact that an Englishman, a son of the author and singer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and other popular ditties once the delight of London, will have the direction of the Italians. In addition to the stars of the Neapolitan troupe, Signor Caruso, the splendid tenor, and other fine artists will take part.

Although crowds will go to the Imperial Theatre to see Mr. Lewis Waller in his new part, which he plays to perfection, I cannot be so complimentary to the play as to the actor. It lacks verisimilitude, lacks reality; in short, "His Majesty's Servant," to speak the simple truth, is not a good play. At the same time, I can admire Mr. Waller as a gallant Cavalier and one of the finest actors of the day; but, frankly, I like melodrama with some grit in it, as I used to see melodrama in the Fechter days.

Miss Cissy Loftus has recently told an American interviewer of her struggles to obtain a place on the regular stage. For a year she applied to every manager she knew in vain. She had wonderful gifts in mimicry, but her dream was to be a legitimate actress. After she had been repulsed a score of times, Madame Modjeska introduced her to the regular stage as Viola in "Twelfth Night." Afterwards Sir Henry Irving engaged her.

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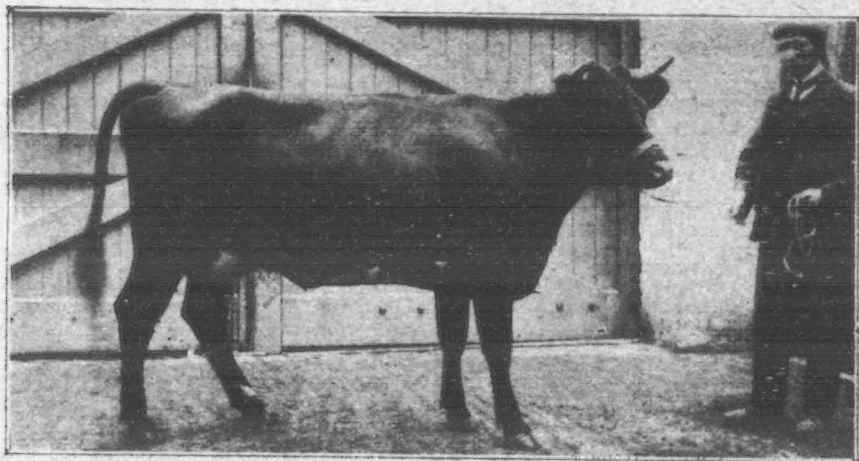
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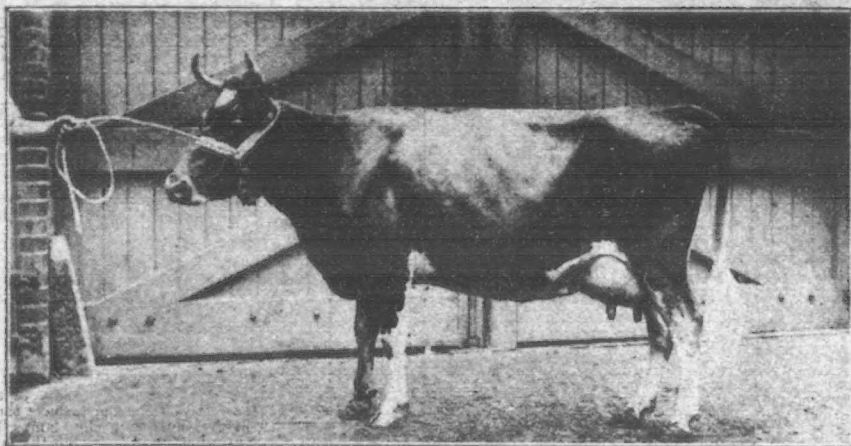
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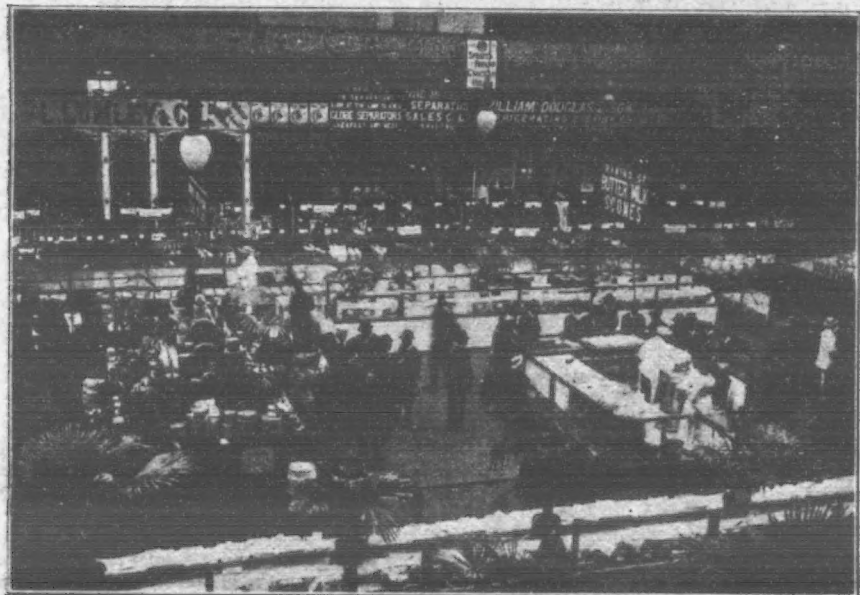
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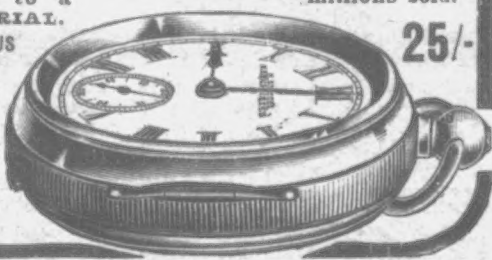
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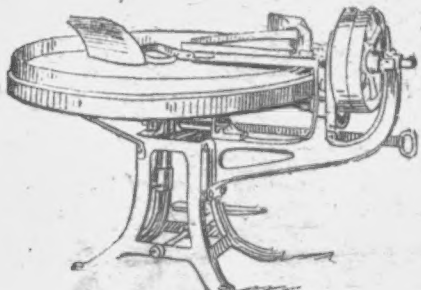
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AMONG the various new appliances on view at the Dairy Show none seemed to attract more attention among dairy-farmers and workers than the improved butter-worker of which I give an illustration. Having its advantages over the old form thoroughly explained, I must admit to being very favourably impressed by its utility. It is an improved form of an old and favourite worker, the absence of any gearing or bearings above the table, the new treadle and stopping arrangement, and the patent invertors making it one of the most complete dairy appliances on the market. As the roller is supported entirely from its outer end, the necessity of any bearing in the centre of the table is obviated. The absence of any framework over the table makes the top of the butter-worker perfectly clear for the use of the operator. The butter does not come into contact with any ironwork or bearings whatever, and cleanliness, an essential feature in the working of this class of machine, is therefore assured. In addition to the ordinary hand lever, the machine is fitted with a treadle stopping or starting arrangement. This increases



AN IMPROVED BUTTER-WORKER.

the operator's control of the machine, he being thus enabled to use the more convenient of the two methods, according to the position in which he is working when it is desired to stop or start the butter-worker. The invertors are so constructed that when the butter comes into contact with them it is automatically "inverted" or turned over. The perfect

working or blending of the butter is thus effected without any scooping or handling.

Potato Clamping.

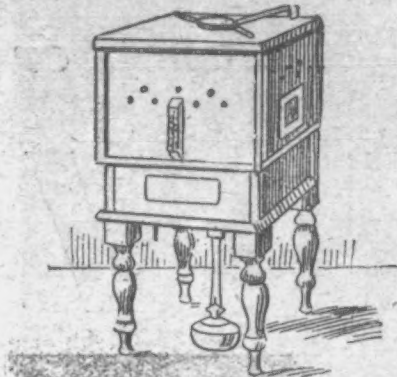
The lifting of the late potato crop is a general work at the present time, says the *Market Gardener*. Some growers dig out a spit of soil, laying that taken out on either side of the pit made. This is a good practice where the land is on a well-drained and dry sub-soil, such as chalk or gravel, and it simplifies the clamping very much. But there are many places where this digging-out process is to be avoided, and where it would be better policy to clamp the tubers upon a raised platform of 4 in. to 6 in. In districts where the land is wet in winter it is always best to do this, as nothing is worse for the keeping of the crop than the soaking of water under it in winter. Where there is any danger of disease care must be taken not to put the soil on at first. The potatoes should be laid well up in a ridge, and a good covering of long, straight straw should be put on them and weighted, so that it is not disturbed by the wind. This will prevent the heating of the tubers and allow of examination. When the soil is put on at once the whole mass heats and the disease germs are set at work, and often the whole lot is spoilt. Some cover their crop with potato halm. There cannot possibly be a worse practice, as these tops always teem with the germs of fungoid disease, and moreover, with the fungoid disease or diseases most likely to injure the tuber. These tops should be burnt at once. Care must be taken to have the potatoes moderately dry before putting in the clamps, but in no case should they be allowed to lay about the land to get green. When they have been in a clamp a week they should be examined, and if disease is found to be present should be turned and sorted at once. One bad potato will speedily play havoc among the remainder.

On Incubators.

One is perfectly bewildered by the number of incubators now on the market, and although during the past few years I have noticed most of the improved patterns as they have been introduced, I now find that those which did duty well enough some years ago are considered to be old-fashioned. New ones continue to be pushed, and the latest model, of which I give an illustration, is certain to prove a very powerful rival to all others. The heat regulator has been greatly improved, the adjustment now being secured by bringing pressure to bear upon the thermostatic capsule by the aid of a spiral spring, thus doing away with the cumbersome lead weights now generally in use.

The damping arrangement is perfection itself. By the lamp flame passing upwards through the centre of the water-pan the water surrounding it is warmed and rendered humid, so that the air rising from the vents in the base of the machine is warmed and moistened in its ascent to the eggs. A perfect combination of moisture and ventilation is obtained by the unique construction of this moisture-pan, and, no matter how dry the atmosphere may be, the eggs

never suffer through lack of moisture; and thus the membranes are softened to that degree which enables every living chick to leave the shell. The pan can be supplied with water in an easy manner, and without any possible risk of supplying



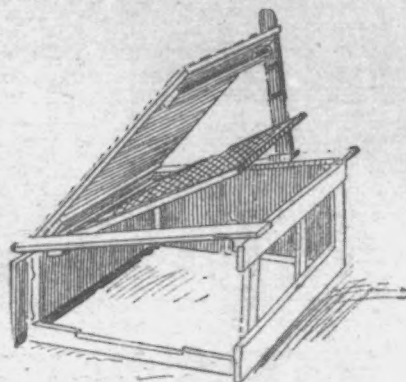
A MODEL INCUBATOR.

more than the required quantity; thus any risk of flooding the base of the machine is avoided. This is an advantage which will be readily appreciated by all who now use the old-fashioned types of moisture-pans. No water-tanks are fitted, annoying leakages thus being avoided, and the trouble of filling with water and emptying entirely done away with. Hot-water tanks are most unreliable in the hottest seasons of the year, owing to the fact that during the cooler hours of the night the water becomes too much overheated to cool down before the milder hours of the day arrive; thus a rise of temperature in the drawer or egg-chamber cannot possibly be avoided, and such a rise of temperature may, as it often does, prove fatal to the embryo chicks, especially in the earlier stages of incubation. This is why so many have failed to operate the hydro type of machine during the hot summer months. Experts, both at home and abroad, are fast coming to the conclusion that atmospheric incubators are the machines of the future. The egg-tray is so constructed that every egg will register the same temperature during incubation, and it need not be removed when adding water to the moisture-pan beneath it, therefore any risk of shaking the eggs is entirely avoided. The machine is fitted with a roomy and airy drying-chamber, and the process of drying is perfect, the

chicks always going through the ordeal safely and contentedly. The birds are thoroughly dried and prepared for the rearing in a strong and vigorous state.

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An inquiry having reached me for a detachable run to be used with a foster-mother, I am pleased to be able to recommend the one illustrated. It is most original in construction, and is useful both as a summer and a winter run for chickens. It is just the thing requisite to make a brooder an ideal article for open-air use. It has a hinged roof, which may be opened in mild weather, and closed at night. It has also a hinged wire-netting covering which may be raised to feed the birds. In stormy weather both the netted frame and the roof may be closed, the chickens



A DETACHABLE FOWL RUN.

being provided with abundance of light by means of the glass panes formed in front of the run.

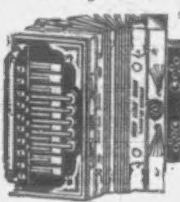
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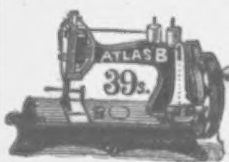
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